Together

WILL DURANT

Why Are Happy People Happy?

JAMES DANIEL

America's Indians Get a Chance!

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Established in 1826 as CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE

The Midmonth Magazine for Methodist Families

"Is thy heart right, as my heart is with thine? . . Dost thou love and serve God? It is enough. I give thee the right hand of fellowship."

John Wesley (1703-1791)

FEBRUARY 15, 1957 ***Vol. 1, No. 5***

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The miracle of fresh-fallen snow, Nature's purest white, has inspired some of man's most reverent poetry and prose—and many of his most exciting photographs. Our cover picture, a poem in swift motion and bright color, is from Josef Scaylea.

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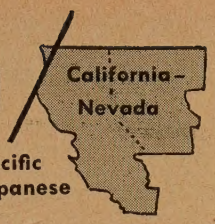
San Francisco Area NEWS of Your Church in Action

Bishop Donald H. Tippett
83 McAllister Street, San Francisco 2, Calif.



Editor: Winston H. Taylor
83 McAllister Street, San Francisco 2, Calif.

LIVESTOCK LOADED

Modern Noah's Ark Sails

Gift livestock from California-Nevada Conference to Missionary Thomas Harris in Sarawak (north Borneo) sailed from San Francisco after a number of delays.

The animals—a bull, four heifers, six pigs, and 15 goats—will be used for breeding and for milk. Accompanying the shipment was the Rev. Wendell Kramer, assistant pastor of Centenary Church, Modesto, who was to wait at Hong Kong for transportation to Sarawak. The animals arrived in late January.

The project was launched at annual conference in June, when Tom and Jennie Harris appealed for livestock for their agricultural mission, supported by the conference through Advance Specials.

The Board of Lay Activities and the Methodist Committee for Overseas Relief helped with shipping costs.

The bull and two heifers, purebreds, were given by E. E. Greenough of Merced. Other donors of stock included the Men's Brotherhood of Oakdale Church, Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Weaver of Modesto, Paul Allen of Modesto; and Burlingame, Tulare, and Lamont Churches.

Several bulls and heifers bound for India and Japan went with the animals for Borneo.

Conference expenses involved in the livestock project are in addition to the $7,000 paid annually to the Harrises for their salary and work.

The Rev. Wendell Kramer, of Modesto, cared for the gift animals from California-Nevada Conference aboard ship. Destination of the livestock was Sarawak (north Borneo), where the Thomas Harrises work.

Etna, which has just applied for its charter. The group at Pacific Church, Sacramento, has reorganized.

First president of the Etna club is Hooper R. Maplesden, who is church lay leader and an administrator in the county road department.

Reorganization of the Pacific Church club was held Jan. 11, with Fred Cheff presiding.

CHURCH SCHOOL

Push Adult Participation

Increased aid for local churches in the adult church-school program was promised after California- Nevada Conference's first Area Convocation for Workers with Adults, held Jan. 18-20 at College of the Pacific, Stockton. Eighty leaders from all parts of the conference called the session successful.

The importance of adults' Christian witness was stressed in the keynote address by Bishop Tippett. He highlighted areas of conflict which Christians face in witnessing for their faith.

As one of the featured speakers, Dr. M. Leo Rippy, director of the department of Christian education of adults, General Board of Education, said, "We would lose less church members after they join a local chuch if, before they joined, they were asked to affiliate with some active fellowship group in the church as a necessary step in church membership."

He also urged an active adult council in each church to assure fellowship opportunities for adults.

The convocation featured group discussions on adult program needs, use of literature and materials, and use of participation methods. There were also special sections for teachers and superintendents.

Speakers included the Rev. Robert Clemmons of the general board's department of leadership education.

METHODIST MEN

Plan Series in March

Plans are nearing completion for the first series of regional Methodist Men's gatherings in the conference. The two purposes of the series are to provide fellowship and hear Bishop Tippett.

The evening dinners, for men only, will be Monday, March 11, in Richmond Civic Auditorium; Wednesday, March 13, at Sacramento; and Friday, March 15, at Fresno. The theme will be "Dedication."

Sponsored by the conference Board of Lay Activities, the programs will be directed by district lay leaders Hugh Sherman, Col. Frank Paul and Judge Clare Pettit.

Additional activities for Methodist Men include a retreat for Shasta District Feb. 22-24 at Chester. The retreat was called by Curtis Tarr of Chico, district lay leader.

A new club has been organized at

A group representing the conference gave Mr. Kramer—and the animals—a sendoff at the dock before the modern "ark" was loaded. Among the delegation was E. E. Greenough (left), of Merced and donor of the bull. Bishop Tippett led the group in prayer.

Fields For Action

Mr. Stover

Another retired service officer, whose church jobs have ranged up and down the scale from janitor to organist, is this month's featured district lay leader. Earl B. Stover, of San Rafael Church, is the leader of Redwood Empire District.

An engineering graduate of the University of Illinois, Mr. Stover had extensive duty with the submarine fleet in the Southwest Pacific during World War II, then retired from the Navy as a captain. Now he is chief of the installation planning division, Headquarters, Sixth Army. He is in charge of planning, construction, and real estate.

In his home church, Mr. Stover is lay leader and chairman of the commission on education. He and Mrs. Stover reside at San Anselmo, where his hobbies are playing his ancient reed organ and working on home improvements.

Associate district lay leaders this year are Donald W. Hendricks of Lakeport, C. Will Peterson of Windsor, and Vernon G. Stanfield of Eureka.

As district lay leaders, Mr. Stover says: "I have concerns within the framework of local church emphases which suggest fields of planning and action. The most important at the church or grass roots level are: providing church-school facilities, modernized instruction, and a stimulating program for the expanding younger child population; integrating the younger and newer church members into the official church family; organizing a Methodist Men's club in every church; enrolling every man and woman into some working organization; inspiring a higher caliber of leadership; encouraging laymen to render more assistance to their ministers; dispensing with time-wasting meetings and activities; and improving publicity and community public relations.

"If these concerns are applied as a 'yardstick,' deficiencies might be detected which may be hindering the important product of progress at our local church levels."

Plans for the conference Board of Education, which sponsored the session, to move further into helps for the adult program were announced by the Rev. Robert N. Boswell, executive secretary. He and Ernest F. Lundeen, Vallejo, chairman of the adult division committee, were convocation directors.

HUNGARIAN APPEAL

$14,203 Given to Date

Selection of a special refugee committee, participation in the Hungarian relief offering, and welcomes for several refugee families have been California-Nevada Conference highlights thus far in 1957.

The conference Board of Missions set up a special Committee on Refugees. Chairman is the Rev. Douglas H. Henderson, of Albany, who was active in a similar program just after World War II.

By Jan. 24, the conference had forwarded $14,203 to the Methodist Committee for Overseas Relief for Hungarian relief, to meet the appeal of the Council of Bishops.

The first of two refugee families sponsored by Lafayette Church arrived Jan. 12 from Holland under direction of the commission on missions. George Edward Deighton, 26, who was interned by the Japanese in Indonesia, his wife, and their 9-month-old son, Glen.

Egbert Charles Broers, his wife, and their four children are studying English three hours each day following their January arrival under sponsorship of Shattuck Avenue Church, Oakland. Refugees from Indonesia by way of Holland, they have been established in a home and jobs by the commission on missions, led by Will Ralph. The oldest son is a graduate of a confectioner's school, the oldest girl of secretarial school.

A Christmas present for St. Mark's Church, Sacramento, was the arrival Dec. 17 of Mr. and Mrs. Johan Mesman, their three children, and a cousin, Adolf Misero. Both men have secured employment, in photo work and as an auto mechanic, respectively. Son Brick, 18, is working in the state college cafeteria preparatory to going to school. The other children are Rolph, 9, and Linda Joyce, 2.

Arrival of another refugee family from Holland is awaited by San Leandro Church, and several other churches have placed requests for Hungarian refugees.

St. Mark's Church, Stockton, has taken official action to ask President Eisenhower and Congress for more consideration for Chinese refugees in crowded Hong Kong.

Read on a recent "Voice of America" broadcast to Eastern Europe was a letter from the Rev. Chester R. Lewis of Lafayette Church. He wrote to the Soviet ambassador to the U.S., the President, the secretary of state, and to U.S. leaders in the United Nations concerning beliefs of the American people and their desire for peace.

HIGHER EDUCATION

Dean Fitch to Lecture

The second annual Bishop Donald H. Tippett Lectures at the College of the Pacific will be held April 6. Lecturer will be Dean Robert E. Fitch, of Pacific School of Religion.

The lectures, on the theme "Religious Perspectives in Higher Education," began last year under sponsorship of COP's Faculty Christian Fellowship. Other college teachers from Northern California and Nevada, as well as the public, are invited.

Dean Fitch's talk will be in Anderson social hall at 10:30 a.m., followed by luncheon and a panel discussion.

Dr. Fitch is professor of Christian ethics at PSR, where he has been dean since 1951. He is a graduate of Yale University, Union Theological Seminary, and Columbia University. He has written several books. In 1952 he was on the COP campus as the Tully C. Knoles lecturer.

BERKELEY SESSION

Shinn, McCracken Speak

Top speakers at Pacific School of Religion's annual Earl Lectures and pastoral conference Feb. 26-28 at Berkeley will be Dr. Roger L. Shinn and Dr. Robert J. McCracken.

Newest friends of Shattuck Avenue Church, Oakland, are a refugee family from Holland. From left: Gustave, Jolande, Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Broers. In front: Armand, Sonja.

Dr. Shinn is professor of theology at Vanderbilt University School of Religion, Nashville, Tenn., and Dr. McCracken is pastor of Riverside Church, New York City, and professor of practical theology at Union Theological Seminary.

ALBANY, CORCORAN

Half-Century Birthdays

Two half-century mileposts will be observed by churches in March, while another has noted the second anniversary of its "new start."

• Albany Church will celebrate its 50th anniversary March 8-10. The celebration will begin with a banquet at which Bishop Tippett will speak and church history will be dramatized. A homecoming service will be the closing event on March 10, with a sermon by the Rev. Daniel Stevens, former pastor, who led in building the present church.

• Corcoran Church will mark its 50th year March 17, when Bishop Tippett will speak and will dedicate the building completed four years ago.

• LaTrinidad Church, Stockton, on Jan. 26-27 celebrated the second anniversary of its new location and new start after a 1951 fire. The congregation was organized in 1924. A part of the Latin-American Provisional Conference until last June, it has just become an interracial church.

RELIGIOUS RADIO-TV

Schedule New Programs

"The Way" has returned to the air; another TV program with Methodist interest is just under way; and "Faith of Our Fathers" has added a "half" radio outlet. This report is made by the area public relations and promotion commission.

"The Way," main product of the national Methodist TV ministry, is now on KSBW-TV, Channel 8, in Salinas at 6:30 p.m. Saturdays.

The new program of Northern California-Nevada Council of Churches begun Feb. 17 is "Cross Currents," presented by United Church Women on KRON-TV, Channel 4, San Francisco, at 12:30 p.m. Sundays.

Mrs. W. A. Root of First Church, Oakland, is chairman of the planning committee. Dr. Evelyn Miller Berger of Eighth Avenue Church, Oakland, a psychiatrist, will head the panel on life's problems.

Added to the "Faith" outlets is the new KBEE-AM, 970 kc, at Modesto. KBEE-FM has carried the series for three years. Now both have it at 8 a.m. Sundays. Others using this area-produced program, with Bishop Tippett as the regular speaker, are KMJ, Fresno, 580 kc, 7:30 a.m.; KOH, Reno, 630 kc, 7:45 a.m.; KFBK, Sacramento, 1530 kc, 7:45 a.m.; KERN, Bakersfield, 1410 kc, 9:45 a.m.; KSUE, Susanville, 1240 kc, 8:45 p.m., and KFRC, San Francisco, 610 kc, 9:30 p.m., all on Sunday; KDAC, Ft. Bragg, 1230 kc, Tuesday evening.

North Sacramento Church membership reached the 1,000 mark recently. The Rev. W. A. Sanders, pastor, welcomes Mrs. Lois Scheff and other new church members.

BEULAH REST HOME

Installs New Officers

Six board members of the WSCS-operated Beulah Rest Home have "retired," and their replacements are now in office. New officers were installed by Mrs. J. P. Howell of San Francisco, conference WSCS president.

Retiring members are Mrs. W. S. Angwin, Mrs. J. R. Taylor, and Mrs. A. J. Williams, all of Oakland; Mrs. Henry Z. Jones, San Leandro; Mrs. C. D. Buchanan, Woodside; and retiring chairman, Mrs. J. S. C. Ross, San Francisco.

New to the board are Mrs. H. Bernat, Mrs. M. Gerba, and Mrs. F. D. Helm, all of Oakland; Mrs. William Schneider, Berkeley; Mrs. George Tandy, Richmond; and Mrs. H. W. McIntyre, San Jose.

Mrs. A. Q. Willoughby of Berkeley is the new chairman.

CHURCH CONSTRUCTION

Many Complete Projects

New church construction and renovation made news this winter in the California-Nevada Conference.

• Five new classrooms built entirely by volunteer labor were dedicated recently at El Camino Church, to serve a growing youth program. The work was directed by Hallie Parsons, lay leader, and Charles Stubbs, official board chairman. Payments are also complete.

Methodist families in Visalia got "together" to raise money for their already-adopted TOGETHER *All-Family Plan. Dinner was potluck except for the meat—chops from the deer shot by the Rev. Norman B. Callaway, shown serving Richard Artis, master of ceremonies. Official Board Chairman Woodrow Wilson talked about the magazine.*

RIDING THE CIRCUIT

• The fellowship hall of Fair Oaks Church, which housed its first class in January, will be dedicated March 10 by Bishop Tippett. Memorials scheduled for dedication include a large colored window in memory of John and Rose Holst, first Fair Oaks residents, and a copper cross on top of the building in memory of Harry J. Goddard.

• Progress at Greenfield Church is continuing with erection of the first unit in a master plan—a $20,000 structure for which ground was broken Nov. 1. Other improvements include purchase of an adjacent lot, moving of the parsonage, and redecoration and new pews in the sanctuary.

• Hanford Church has remodeled its 60-year-old gymnasium into a modern social hall. Work was completed in time for Christmas use. The project, directed by Building Committee Chairman Ralph Green, cost $5,500.

• The new education unit of Lodi Church was consecrated Jan. 27 by Bishop Tippett.

• The new pipe organ of Lake Park Church, Oakland, was dedicated Jan. 20, by the Rev. Gene Carter, district superintendent. The service included a concert by Newton Pashley.

• Burning of the mortgage on Elmhurst Church, Sacramento, whose debt was cleared on Christmas, is slated for 3 p.m., March 31. Bishop Tippett will dedicate the sanctuary, built in 1950.

• Second phase of a Santa Rosa Church building program launched in 1951 got under way in January. Ground was broken for a fellowship hall which will seat 450 persons at dinner and have 17 classrooms. A pupil and a teacher from each department aided in the service.

An exhibition of Christian art from India and Korea, loaned by the National Council of Churches and displayed recently at Crescent City Church, is prepared for showing by (l. to r.) Robert Harper, Crescent City artist; Mrs. Laura Peugh, chairman; and the Rev. Don M. Chase.

Pastoral appointments made recently by Bishop Tippett include A. L. Baker from Hopland to St. Paul's Church, Vacaville; Robert A. Lundy from Winnemucca to St. Paul's Church, Fresno; Thomas P. Krumpe from St. Paul's Church, Fresno, to park-Presidio United Church, San Francisco; William B. Smith to St. Luke's Church, Sacramento; Claude H. Friesen, transferred from Newark Conference to be assistant at First Church, Fresno; J. E. Robinson to Tipton, replacing Arthur E. Jern, who is ill; George Carter as assistant at Temple Church, San Francisco; Carl Metzger as minister of visitation at St. Paul's Church, San Jose.

Additions to parsonage families include Daniel Richard, born Aug. 29 to the Rev. and Mrs. Richard Huser, of Monterey; Wesley Kirk, born Nov. 24 to the Rev. and Mrs. Carl Patton, Jr. of Soledad; Ann Marie, born Dec. 16 to the Rev. and Mrs. James Kubik, of Los Molinos; Douglas James, born Jan. 18 to the Rev. and Mrs. Olan Trerell, of Riverbank.

The Order of Merit, one of the highest adult honors in Boy Scout work, has been awarded to Wilfred Davies of First Church, Redwood City.

Leadership in two quite different Stockton groups comes this year from Central Church. Sherwood Norton is new president of Stockton Quarterback Club, while Mrs. Neva Rhodes is chapter vice-president of California Grandmothers Club.

Many years of marriage were celebrated this winter by Methodist couples, including Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Pressley of First Church, Sacramento, married 61 years on Christmas; Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Gilbert of First Church, Vallejo, 50 years on New Year's; Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Bergman of Tulare, 50 years on Jan. 30; Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Decker of Lake Park Church, Oakland, 50 years on Jan. 16; and the Rev. and Mrs. A. E. Cole, now retired, of Fremont, 50 years.

Homecoming queen at College of the Pacific this year was Elaine Howse of Central Church, Stockton. She was conference Methodist Youth Fellowship Christian outreach chairman in 1954-55.

A collection of verse by the Rev. J. Freelen Johnson entitled "The Weather of the Soul" has just been published by Parthenon Press of Nashville, Tenn. Mr. Johnson, who retired in 1954 after 41 years in the ministry, resides at Ceres and supplies the church at Knights Ferry.

"Religion's Place in Society" was the subject of a recent public speaking contest in Princeton High School. The Princeton Church cooperated in arrangements. Mrs. Robert Findley, Woman's Society of Christian Service secretary for youth work, served on the contest committee.

Continuing her work of recruiting and supervising church women who tutor immigrant mothers in conversational English, Miss Ruth Gress of San Francisco has changed status from an educational missionary of the Woman's Division of Christian Service to deaconess. Miss Gress, who had two missionary terms in China and was youth director for the former Oriental Provisional Conference, works with Chinese, Filipinos, and Koreans in San Francisco, Oakland, and Stockton.

One of four chairmen of a committee which has placed a proposed fair employment practices bill before San Francisco city supervisors is the Rev. Hamilton T. Boswell, pastor of Jones Memorial Church.

A pulpit Bible for Corning Church, given by ministers of Shasta District in memory of Mrs. Charles G. Lindemann, was dedicated at the church recently. Mr. Lindemann, a retired minister, resides in Corning.

Showing of the film *Far From Alone,* on temperance, in two Alameda public high schools resulted in January from the fall action project of First Church's MYF. Members worked with youth of three other churches and persuaded the Girls' Association at Alameda High School and the student body at Encinal High School to sponsor the film for assemblies.

A report on conditions of Chinese churches in America was presented to the executive board of the National Council of Churches meeting in Los Angeles by the Rev. Wilbur Choy of St. Mark's Church, Stockton.

Highest adult award in the Boy Scout movement, the Silver Beaver medal, has been presented to Charles King of Trinity Church, Berkeley.

More than $2,650 was raised in the "Share Our Surplus" campaign by the youth of First Church, Palo Alto, through the sale of Christmas cards and wrappings. The money was used for sending food overseas. Top salesman was Jim Egeberg, fifth grader, with 144 boxes.

After two years at the College of the Pacific, Margaret L. Gould is attending the University of Lausanne in Switzerland. She went to Europe during the summer with the Committee on Ecumenical Voluntary Services and worked at Agape, Italy in restoration of dormitories under the Waldensian movement. She was bound for the University of Cairo but was detained by international developments. She is the daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Arch Gould of Grand Junction, Colo., and a niece of the Rev. and Mrs. Hertzell Buckner of Chico.

Sponsor of a five-church united youth rally on Jan. 12 was Greenfield Church. More than 80 young people from a community of 1,500 attended.

HERE, in their home aquarium, children gaze with reverence and awe upon the miracle of life. Before their eyes, the drama of birth, death, and survival is acted out every day. Johnny imagines Captain Nemo's submarine *Nautilus* prowling ocean depths again. To Mary, the darting mollies are gnomes from the colorful Land of Oz, cavorting through seaweed grottoes.

A Prayer to make your own

By GEORGE WASHINGTON

ALMIGHTY GOD, we make our
earnest prayer
that thou wilt keep
the United States
in thy holy protection;
that thou wilt incline
the hearts of the citizens to
cultivate the spirit of
subordination and obedience
to government;
to entertain a brotherly
affection and love for one
another and for their fellow
citizens of the
United States at large.

And finally that thou wilt
most graciously
be pleased to dispose us all
to do justice,
to love mercy,
and to demean ourselves with
that charity, humility, and
pacific temper of mind
which were the characteristics
of the Divine Author of
our blessed religion, and
without an humble imitation
of whose example
in these things
we can never hope to be
a happy nation.

Grant our supplication,
we beseech thee
through Jesus Christ,
our Lord.

Amen.

Adapted from Washington's letter addressed "to Governors of the States on Disbanding the Army," dated June 8, 1783.

George Washington at prayer glows from the stained glass in the Capitol Prayer Room in Washington, D.C. For more about his faith, see page 9.

Letters

It Is 1791—Not 1790!

ROBERT B. MUSSMAN
Peebles, Ohio

On the title page of TOGETHER underneath a quotation by John Wesley are what ought to be the dates of his birth and death. However, the latter date *1790* is incorrect. He died in *1791*. I believe this ought to be corrected, especially since TOGETHER is a Methodist magazine.

The right date appeared in the prepublication issue but subsequently a "killed" plate with the error was slipped into succeeding issues. How? We can only point a finger at the gremlins which, ancient lore will attest, hover over print shops.—EDS.

With Tact and Understanding

MORTON TEIG
Franklin, Pa.

"If My Daughter Should Want to Marry a Catholic," by Bishop H. Clifford Northcott [November TOGETHER, page 27], was one of the finest articles I have ever read on the subject of inter [faith] marriage.

I have read extensively on the subject, and feel that this article by Bishop Northcott deals with a very difficult and sensitive subject with the utmost of tact and understanding. . . .

Competition for TV, Comics

MRS. F. G. KELLOGG
Denver, Colo.

I cannot say enough good things about TOGETHER. Our teen-agers showed an interest. In this day when TV and comics speak so loudly, I am very thankful for TOGETHER and its appeal to youth.

Delighted—But Disappointed

ROBERT W. WALKER, *Pastor*
Dandridge Avenue Methodist Church
Knoxville, Tenn.

I was delighted to see your All-American selection edited by Fred Russell of *The Nashville Banner*. However, there are two comments I would like to make. First, if it is to be truly representative of The Methodist Church let us include all Methodists at any university.

Secondly, I cannot quite understand how Bill Earp of Emory and Henry College, Va., who made "The Little All-American First Team" . . . was placed on the list of honorable-mention players.

Because it's impractical, quickly, to learn church affiliations of all athletes and because we wanted to play up church-related schools, we limited our All-American teams to Methodist-related institutions. Even so, Mr. Russell (who, incidentally, writes The Saturday Evening Post's *annual pre-season football outlook) had a rugged task.*—EDS.

Should Artists Paint Them?

MARION MOELLER
Registered Nurse
Maquoketa, Iowa

I am greatly impressed with the new magazine, TOGETHER. The colorful pictures, quality of the paper, *real* pictures such as Nazareth, and informative and uplifting articles make it a very worthwhile magazine.

I have one friendly criticism. Floyd Johnson's pictures of "The Story of Creation" are imaginative. Of course, adults realize all of this is just one artist's conception. But children may get the impression that this is exactly as it was . . . As long as there were no cameras or artists to paint the actual pictures at the time, I feel we should each form our own "mental picture" from reading the Scriptures . . .

Re: Creation in Watercolors

SHIRLEY ANN WAXBOM
Columbus 14, Ohio

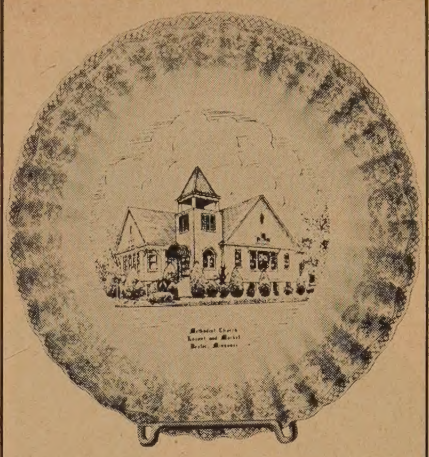
Talented Floyd A. Johnson's watercolor brush painted "The Story of Creation" [December TOGETHER, page 35] with the probable freshness, beauty, and purity of the wonderful event itself.

Poll Puts Sallman First

HAROLD A. BOSLEY, *Pastor*
First Methodist Church
Evanston, Ill.

A good deal of comment was stirred up in our church by the Christ portraits [October TOGETHER, page 38]. There was a difference of opinion, so through *The First Church Review* I took an informal poll of our congregation.

A few people liked Rembrandt's portrait and a few more chose Hofmann's.



Church Groups Raise Money Easily

Mrs. Harold Nance, wife of the minister of First Methodist Church in Dexter, Missouri, recommends this ideal fund-raising project:

Keepsake Plates

• picturing *your* church

"Everyone is pleased with them. Every home with a plate on the wall or table has a constant reminder of the church always before them." This was written to us by Mrs. Harold Nance, whose picture is shown above with the plate picturing her church and sold by her church group.

We are proud of the many letters we get from friends all over the nation. They tell us that these spiritual keepsakes sell themselves. They are wonderful for anniversaries, dedications, bazaars and to commemorate any special occasion. People like to give them for birthday, wedding and holiday gifts.

A picture of your church (or school or hospital) is permanently fired into the glaze of the plate at intense heat and will never wear off. You have choice of many styles decorated in 23 Kt. Gold.

See for yourself why these are such appealing mementos every church member will want. Write today, at no obligation to you, for full-color catalog, quantity prices, and samples of plates we have made for other churches.

Write today to:

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P. O. Box 952
Covington, Tennessee

Answer the Call

"Go Ye...", said Jesus. You truly go when your dollars are invested at guaranteed high rate of return in

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WOMAN'S DIVISION OF CHRISTIAN SERVICE

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But the preference for Sallman [page 46, October] was overwhelming.

One mother wrote: "Our family looked at the pictures of Christ, and when we turned to the Sallman portrait my son, Stephen, said, 'That's him!'"

Every member of our fourth-grade church-school class picked Sallman's work as the favorite.

The Face of Christ . . .

CHARLES DANIEL BRODHEAD, *Minister*
Trinity Methodist Church
East Lansdowne, Pa.

Spending a week in the Methodist Hospital, Philadelphia, made me grateful for the picture, Sallman's "Head of Christ," that has been placed in every room.

I only wish that every patient coming into that hospital and seeing that painting might have a copy of that article about the artist by William F. McDermott [October TOGETHER, page 47]. They would face pain and weakness, weariness and wakefulness, convalescence and recovery . . . with a deeper [understanding] of his helping, healing look.

Christ Through the Ages

MARVIN HALVERSON
National Council of Churches in Christ
New York, N.Y.

Our Commission on Art of the Department of Worship and the Arts is interested in exploring the ways in which Christ has been depicted down through the ages. The reproductions in the October-November issue of TOGETHER, therefore, are of great interest to the Commission in their study.

Rouault . . . Hideous

C. D. MARSTON
Lakeside, Ohio

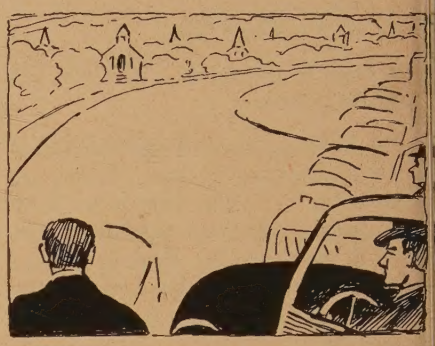
Why do you publish such a hideous picture as Rouault's Christ? [November TOGETHER, page 4]. It frightens little children and makes adults shudder. I don't care how much interpretation the artists and critics put into it, it is still hideous.

B for Loneliness: Togetherness

VICTOR S. DARLING
St. Clair Shores, Mich.

In the first number of TOGETHER there is a letter that reads, "The title of the new magazine TOGETHER interests me. You hit on one of the profoundest of longings today in that title. I think loneliness in these times is almost a disease. And I keep watching the effort—everywhere—to cure it . . ."

I enclose a drawing to ask this question: "What if on a Sunday morning



"Preachers Starting Out . . ."

we could see all the Methodist ministers who are preaching at about the same time?" Or, "Could we see all our lonely country preachers who are starting out on slippery roads for their churches?"

Think of all our choirs singing *together*. Or all our faithful Sunday-school teachers—teaching *together*. All the children, etc. Or perhaps all the lonely people going out of some churches on Sunday mornings with no one speaking to them but the minister.

A Book That Was Burned

M. L. JONES
Orlando, Fla.

I am surprised that a Christian magazine should even mention a book which—as Gerald Kennedy says [December TOGETHER, page 56] "is a very raucous kind of book . . . not for the Sunday-school library . . . It has much profanity, considerable sex, and no trace of moral uplift."

Because I belong to the Book of the Month Club, I received it. Because of it, I canceled my membership . . .

A nurse saw it on my table. "That is the vilest book I ever read," she said.

I then read it, lifted it with the tongs, and placed it in the hottest part of a bonfire.

America still publishes a number of worthwhile, decent books. Why mention such filth?

Sermons Without Pulpits

MRS. ROBERT ROME
Hollywood, Calif.

I wonder if any of your other readers have discovered the small though inspiring sermons mingled in the words of Bishop Gerald Kennedy's "Browsing in Fiction."

His approach is an example of Methdism in daily use, reminding us to nute the trumpets as we deal with our ellow men and to cultivate with daily ction an intense desire to humbly folow in our Lord's footsteps.

Bishop Kennedy's wonderfully warm nd truly Christian attitude is delightully illustrated in these reviews, espeially in *Don't Go Near the Water* by Villiam Brinkley.

Thank you so much for giving us OGETHER.

A Gold Star for That Man!

FREDERICK E. MASER
District Superintendent
Philadelphia, Pa.

I am indeed proud of our two new nagazines, TOGETHER and THE NEW CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE. One of the laymen on my district was so enthusiastic bout the first issue that he paid the ull price for an all-family subscription o TOGETHER for his entire church.

Postscript for Fosdick

LLOYD F. MERRELL, *Pastor*
Fostoria, Mich.

Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick's article, "What Communism Is Doing for Me," [November TOGETHER, page 8] is splendid.

I'd like to add: Communism can and ought to strengthen the idea of God as "process." We don't need to go as far as the Communists in bowing a supernatural God out of our thinking. But we do need to realize the paralyzing effect our supernatural approach has on "kingdom effort and advance."

More power to you.

Encouragement from Sockman

MISS MARGARET CHANDLER
Bowling Green, Ky.

I have received more hope and encouragement from "What My Religion Means to Me" by Dr. Ralph W. Sockman [October TOGETHER, page 10] than any article I have read.

TOGETHER is just what we need. Thank you, and great success!

More Vermont Methodist History

ELISE GORDON
Fulton, N.Y.

Imagine the thrill my father, the Rev. George A. Stott, now 85, received when he saw the beautiful color photo of the Timothy Frost Methodist Church in Thetford Center, Vt. [November TOGETHER, page 44]. He served as sup-

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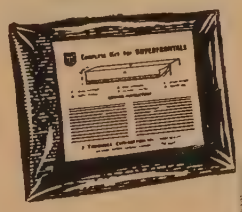

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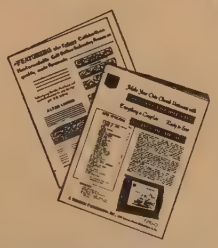

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ply minister there from December, 1902, till April, 1904. The picture of the church and graveyard brought back to him many treasured memories of old times.

For many years my father was an active member of the Central New York Conference, but he still talks of the days when he was a student, and a beginning pastor, in the New England States. If any of your readers remember him from his former charges, he would be delighted to hear from them. He lives with us now in Fulton.

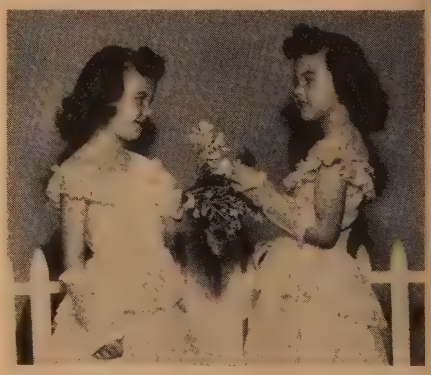
About Our Cover Girls

HYLTON SANDERS, *Pastor*
St. James Church
Pasadena, Calif.

We thought you'd like this recent photo of Lindy and Sandy Block, the "TOGETHER Twins" pictured on the cover of the first issue. More than a million readers must have seen them!

They're growing up fast, as is shown

Lindy and Sandy on TOGETHER'S *cover.*



Lindy and Sandy growing up fast.

by this picture taken at St. James Church in Pasadena. They attended the annual celebration of Family Pew Sunday, when the congregation honors "Uncle Frank" Stevens, associate minister and founder of the congregation.

Seat Warmers Not Needed

H. MASTEN RISLEY
Columbia, S.C.

I am greatly concerned over the evangelistic campaign in the New York area seeking an (*Continued on page 69*)

Together / NEWSLETTER

THE BOARD OF WORLD PEACE, Chicago, has a new executive secretary for administration and promotion: 44-year-old Daniel E. Taylor, of Wenatchee, Wash., Methodist superintendent of the Columbia River District. The Rev. Charles F. Boss, Jr., head of the agency since 1936, becomes the board's secretary for United Nations and intergovernmental affairs, with offices in New York.

NORTHERN ILLINOIS Methodists (Rock River Conference) will be asked to speed the construction of new churches by joining the Church Builders Club. The goal: 12 churches by 1960, and 1,500 club members who will plunk down $10 minimum to help each new congregation.

FIVE HUNDRED NEW national Methodist scholarships (covering tuition and fees) will be made available during 1957-58. The Board of Education made the announcement when it presented the 5,000th scholarship to H. Newton Olewiler, Jr., sophomore pre-medical student at Dickinson College, Carlisle, Pa. Value of the awards thus far is about $2 million.

RESOLUTIONS ADOPTED by the Woman's Division of Christian Service, meeting in annual session at Buck Hill Falls, Pa., call for: curbs on Senate filibustering, complete overhaul of the McCarran-Walter Immigration Act, return by the U.S. of confiscated German and Japanese property, new disarmament planning.

TEN THEOLOGICAL SEMINARIES of The Methodist Church will receive a record $912,500 from World Service funds. The allocation was voted by the Board of Education, meeting in Atlantic City, N.J.

THE ALASKA METHODIST COLLEGE, planned for Anchorage, is operating under a charter and 16-member board of trustees approved by the Division of National Missions. This makes the school a legal body separate from the division, which has been pushing plans since 1947. Among the trustees: Don DaFoe, the territory's commissioner of education; and Robert Atwood, editor and publisher of The Anchorage Times.

METHODISTS ARE CONTINUING record giving to church causes. Last year they contributed $10,440,371 to Advance Specials (the program where churches earmark funds for specific home and foreign projects)—an eightfold increase over 1949. During its first 15 years, MCOR (Methodist Committee for Overseas Relief) received and distributed $15 million. (See color section, pages 35-38 this issue.)

THE CHURCH AND INDUSTRIAL RELATIONS will be discussed in a national Methodist conference being planned for 1958 by the Board of Social and Economic Relations. Key topics: automation, guaranteed annual wage, compulsory union membership, and working mothers.

(For More Church News See Page 65.)

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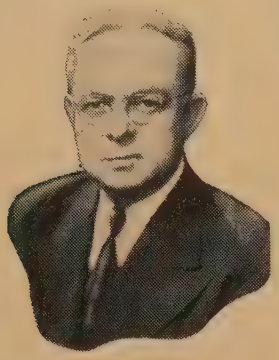
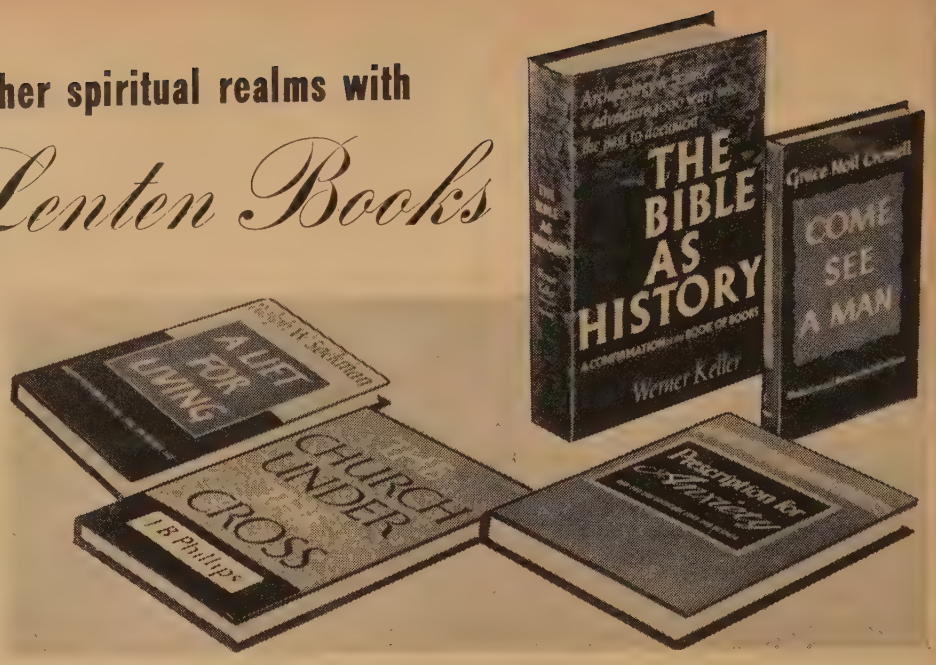


Dr. Roy L. Smith



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By Roy L. Smith. A noted religious writer reveals the spiritual truths that are to be found in common everyday phrases. Dr. Roy L. Smith has taken ten of the most common of these prefabricated phrases and interpreted them in the light of biblical truths. 128 pages. (AP) .....*postpaid,* **$2.00**

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By Gerald Kennedy. In a clear, engaging style current issues and problems are related to the imperatives of the Christian religion. An incisive, prophetic social commentary, underlain with a deep concern that this Christian nation recover its mission in the world.
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Bishop Gerald Kennedy

THE SAVING PERSON

By Angus Dun. "The strange word—salvation" is the theme of this new Lenten book by the Episcopal Bishop of the Washington Diocese. In five thoughtful chapters the author examines this ancient Christian term and its meanings for today.
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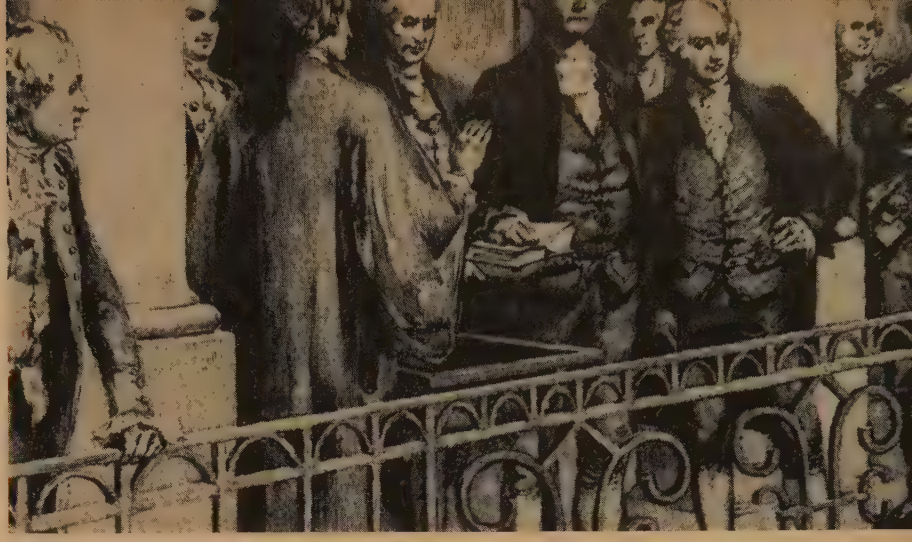
✝ *Personal Testimony*

What Made Washington Great?

By Fred R. Zepp



America's first presidential inauguration—New York City, April 30, 1789.

FOR GENERATIONS, historians and biographers have been seeking the secret of George Washington's greatness. His diaries, his letters, even his account books have been scrutinized. The answer lies not in them but in one simple fact: *Washington was a man of faith.* He prayed —and fervently believed his prayers would be answered.

Biographers have strained to make Washington less lofty than history has painted him. They depict him as a human being much like ourselves—ambitious, given to fits of temper, all too prone to err, familiar with disappointment. Doing so, they overlook his secret wellsprings of strength that carried him through dark hours.

His religious training started early. As a boy, he enjoyed those moments when his father reverently offered grace at meals and read from the Bible to his family each morning and night.

When George was only 11, his father died. Mrs. Washington, a devout woman, encouraged her son to walk in his father's spiritual footsteps. And so young George began thanking God for the family's meals and reading the Bible aloud. Thus religion became an accepted part of his day-by-day life.

George Washington grew to manhood with a faith he never hesitated to demonstrate. At 22, as a lieutenant-colonel in the French and Indian War, he commanded rough, half-trained soldiers and backwoodsmen. Under Washington, regular religious services—the first experienced by many of his men—became as much a part of camp life as guard duty. This was a prelude to what the young officer would do on a far larger scale when the fate of an unborn nation was hanging in the balance.

But before destiny spotlighted Washington, he was to suffer a great personal tragedy which tested his religious conviction. In 1772, his stepdaughter, 17-year-old Patsy Custis—whom he loved as dearly as if she had been his own flesh —lay dying. He knelt in prayer by her bedside for anxious hours. She did die, but Washington's faith never wavered. Instead, he drew from continued prayer the strength to help his grieving wife bear this heartbreak.

By the time he was called to command the Revolutionary army, Washington's faith was anchored on bedrock. You can still visit the Protestant Episcopal churches, at Pohick near his home at Mount Vernon, and at Alexandria, Va., where he worshiped. You can sit in the box-shaped pews where he sat, warmed on winter Sundays by heated bricks. His spiritual concern was also reflected through active association with his Masonic lodge, No. 22, at Alexandria.

Often he composed prayers for special occasions, though few have been preserved. The one prepared for his first inauguration is reprinted on page 2.

In the bitter winter at Valley Forge he took his problems to God, firm in his knowledge that he would provide the answer. A stained-glass window in the prayer room of the nation's capitol (*see page 2*) shows General Washington praying at Valley Forge. That same winter, he publicly reproclaimed his faith by being baptized—even though he had been baptized as an infant.

Such was Washington's faith. As a boy, as a man, in troubled days and calm, he held to a faith that knew no doubts. On the surface "just an ordinary man," he knew the secret that set him above the troubles which sought to tear him down. He prayed, earnestly and often.

In this simple fact lies a lesson for us all.

WILL DURANT ON

Why Are Happy People HAPPY?

Dr. Durant has been aptly called "America's favorite philosopher." He is the author of seven monumental books, including two which made the best-seller list.

OF HUMAN unhappiness, there is much on earth. We must recognize that.

But we also do have happiness. Wherein lie its secrets? How may we learn them? How may we—insofar as our personal endowments permit—make them part of our own life experience?

First, let's note the relation between pleasure and happiness. It is almost the relation Mark Twain saw between weather and climate. "Climate is the same as weather," he said, "but there's just more of it." Similarly, happiness is obviously composed of pleasures, but it is not identical with them. Pleasure is a temporary and local thing, like a reflection. Happiness is a continuous thing, something that lasts more than a few minutes. It is not a thrill; it's a condition. You might call it a symphony of pleasures.

One of the problems of happiness is how to find harmony in your pleasures. Every pleasure, I suppose, is the satisfaction of some desire or some sense, but we know that desires may conflict, and in satisfying one we may be injuring—unwittingly—another, as when we gorge ourselves with sweets, or make enemies through selfish actions. Only when pleasures are harmonious do they constitute happiness.

I should say, then, that happiness is rooted in instinct, but perfected with intelligence, which is the organ for the harmony of our desires. Intelligence is the successful application of experience, and in that way, perhaps, we may find a harmonious operation of our fundamental instincts.

That would be my definition of happiness—a harmonious operation of the fundamental instincts of our being.

The happiness of the child is obviously the exuberance of a natural vitality, almost entirely physical, but at the same time a queer mental exhilaration of world-discovering growth. You can see in the eyes of your child how he is eating up the universe, day after day; wondering, enjoying it, and suffering, too.

Children fall very often, but not—like Thales, the old Miletian philosopher—into wells. And they smile and laugh through the basic mysteries of human life which no one has yet explained. You feel that there is a certain profound animal wisdom in them, though no animal except ourselves has learned to smile or to laugh. Perhaps gaiety is wiser than wisdom. And the happiness of youth is still essentially physical—vitality, joy in action, in the harmonious operation of muscles, senses, nerves.

La Rochefoucauld, author of cynical maxims in 17th-century France, said that the strongest of all instincts is to sit down. I don't believe it. The basic instinct is to move about, to creep, to stand, to walk, to run, to climb.

I think we have here the first answer to the question, "Why are happy people happy?" It is because they are active. All through life, I think, happiness is more easily found in action than in thought. Thought is a bit unnatural and it tends to make a lazy colon. If philosophers are sad, perhaps it is because they sit too much. Let them stretch their

legs in the sun and their whole outlook will brighten.

Pessimism is not a philosophy. It is an illness. Some organ of the body is injured or diseased, and generalizes its pain into a cosmic woe, turns up its nose at the universe, as if the universe has not met the high standards of that lofty nose. What is needed in such cases is not a refutation but a cathartic.

So if your work condemns you to think, relieve yourself two hours a day with physical activity. It's a blessing for you if your wife has some work for you to do when you come home, or it's a blessing for your wife if she has to spend a couple of hours every day cooking or cleaning.

Go out and cut the lawn, root out the weeds, wash the car, paint the fence—and not the town!

One afternoon I heard a noise in the driveway, and I looked out my second-story window. In the driveway I saw a beautiful woman of 58—and women can be beautiful at 58. That beautiful woman of 58 was in shorts and washing my and her car.

It occurred to me that there was something unmanly in me to let her do all that washing by herself. So I changed my clothes and joined her. What pleasure there was then: How sweet it was to spray her with the hose and to have her spray me!

Yes, to be active is the first basic secret of happiness. And to be busy is a secret of grace. If you find yourself awkward, put your mind on something that you have to do. Be busy. Let us ask the gods not for possessions, but for things to do.

WE can take our pleasures actively instead of passively. It's better to strike out on the corner lot than to burn with sedentary excitement in the grandstand; better to hit your thumb as an amateur carpenter than to sit passively, supinely before the radio or the screen.

Action leads to health, and that is the second secret of happiness. Let the body be hale in all its parts and misfortune will fall upon us with only half its weight. Even truth will not long sadden if you are well.

"Give me health and a day," said Emerson, "and I will make the pomp of emperors ridiculous."

So eat in your own home, and moderately; not immoderately in restaurants. An old Jewish philosopher said, "A gentleman will never eat except in his own home or the home of his friend."

And get out of the city if you can. Great cities are fever and filth. Live in the country, or, next best, the suburbs. Take a four-mile walk in fresh air every week. Take a tablespoonful of psyllium seed every morning before breakfast and a glass of hot water. I have studied diet for 50 years and have come to the conclusion that men can be healthy on any diet—provided they get rid of it.

Next to health and action, the greatest source of happiness is affection. Let us say you have 16 diseases, but somebody loves you and takes care of you. Is that to be preferred to having no illness at all, with nobody caring for you? I think so. It's better to have the diseases and a little love.

If happiness is the harmonious operation of the instinct, and the deepest instincts are hunger and sex, happiness flourishes best on a mixture of good food and love. So I should say that two almost indispensable items in happiness are a friend and a mate, a husband or a wife.

I hear Schopenhauer telling me, "You know perfectly well, Durant, that love is a bitter snare, that Nature makes a few organisms beautiful temporarily to lure you into continuing the race." What a foolish operation Schopenhauer thought it was! What a fool Schopenhauer was so to think! It's the most delightful of all snares that Nature has ever organized.

We should live as normally as we can. We can't cheat our profoundest impulses and yet be content. If everything else should be given you, and yet you have not found affection, you are not truly happy.

I advise the young not to wait until they have money to marry. I should like to see parents finance the early marriage of their children, to bridge the gap between their biological and economic maturity.

It was a pleasure when I spent a week at Michigan State College—not with the magnificent football team, but with the philosophy class, which was not so tremendous—to see 2,000 soldier boys coming into that university every day, most of them with their wives. Sometimes they would leave a baby outside with a nurse to take care of it, and the girl and boy would come into class together. I thought that was one of the finest things in history. Never has a government transformed a war into so much education as in the case of that second world war in America.

But middle age—not youth—is the age of true happiness. Youth is the age of unplaced worry, of unformed ambition and restlessness. I don't look back to it with any desire to repeat it; we idealize the past only because we know we shall not be required to live it again.

MIDDLE age has the happiness of creative accomplishment. It has found its footing, usually. That is half the game of life. It derives pleasure from the acquisition of wealth, and we need not pretend to scorn that. I never met a man who sincerely scorned money. In the impulse of acquisition lies the foundation of any society, of any economy, and a man may legitimately take pride in having "made his pile."

The satisfaction that comes from being financially secure—or at least being so deluded—is not as fundamental a satisfaction as is action or health and affection. Wealth often brings worry, not happiness.

And I must admit there is more laughter among the poor than the rich, and the happiest people in the world are children, and next to them, idiots. Next to them is the ordinary worker at the machine who probably laughs five or six times more every day than his employer.

The one great boon of money is that it enables you to help other people. We get more pleasure in what we spend on others than in what we spend on ourselves.

The pleasure of achievement is precarious pleasure. Fame is always a dangerous thing. The world lifts you up in order to shoot at you. You become a target for the envy and vulgarity of all those who tried and failed. Yet there is a profound pleasure in finishing something that you have labored at for five or six years, knowing that it is not as good as you could wish it might be, or as it might be if you could give a life to it instead of a few years.

Middle age brings a little more un-

derstanding and tolerance, a quiet content of moderation—"Nothing in excess," as the Greeks put it. Middle age mediates between the radicalism of youth and the timid conservatism of old age, between imagination and fear.

There is a pleasure of marriage in middle age. Just as I've met so many good people that I have almost lost faith in the wickedness of mankind, so I have met so many happy married people that I refuse to believe that marriage is essentially unhappy.

But we men should remember that our wives need romance. Little acts of solicitude and tenderness each day are never lost; they are always appreciated, and nothing costs so little or pays so well.

Once I was a part of a panel defining a gentleman. My wife won the contest with a magnificent definition. She said, "A gentleman is a person continuously considerate," and perhaps that is what a lover should be, too. The fact that a man is married should not prevent him from being a gentleman.

Napoleon, who had every opportunity to taste the pleasures of life, said he had never had any happiness except in the arms of Josephine, or in smearing with jam the princely face of his son, the King of Rome. It is not in our external or economic relationships that happiness lies, but in the old-fashioned and natural delights of throwing the latest infant into the air.

In the fulfillment of function, we discover our deepest happiness.

And so we come to old age, or at least I do. One of the marvels of our time is that we age so slowly. In ancient times—and still, in Asiatic countries—people were mature at 12, grandparents at 40, worn out at 50. With us, youth continues until 35, middle age until 65—or so the government says! I think a man is still in his full mental powers, at least, until 70 in this amazing civilization of ours.

Yet we must admit that physically we are not what we used to be. We drop out of the tennis game into golf, or out of golf into gardening, or out of gardening into strolling and at last, like the puzzle of the Sphinx, with three legs—two and a cane.

Illness is increased; the back and the joints get stiff. But there is another gift that comes with old age—peace.

In old age there is the pleasure of grandchildren. I would rather bring up a fine family, I think, than write the one hundred best books.

I shall never forget the 50th wedding anniversary that my father and mother had. They were simple people. My father was unable to read, but able to think. He was a good man who made his family toe the mark without any discipline except his own conduct and presence.

Picture at that wedding anniversary about 50 Durants gathered together. There were daughters and granddaughters chipping in with the *"ville tete grise,"* as my father used to call his wife ("my old, gray-haired woman"), all pitching in to cook the pies and to prepare the chicken and serve the meal. And, at last, when we came to the pumpkin pie, the old woman put her arms around my father's neck and then declared:

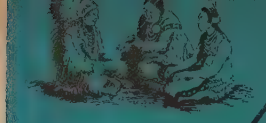
"I thank God for giving me this good man to take care of me these 50 years."

To me, that is finer than anything else in life. To have a woman say that to me, as perhaps she may some seven years hence, will give me a far greater thrill than selling a million copies of a book.

Finally, in old age there are the pleasures of mind. Then it will be good to have made friends with the great minds of the past. From the day you leave college, you should begin your education—first, by living, and second, by reading. I know that life is better than learning, but even the secondhand experience of reading is valuable. A wise man can learn from any man's experience, but a fool cannot learn even from his own.

Think of it! There is a country of the mind in which all the great men and women humanity has thought worthy to remember still live. They wait for you.

You can enter that City of God at



MIDMONTH POWWOW

READERVIEWS

Has Philosopher Durant revealed the essence of happiness-on-earth? We put the question to three representative Methodist ministers. Here are their comments.—EDS.

EVERETT W. PALMER, *First Methodist Church, Glendale, California*

HAS DR. DURANT revealed the essence of human happiness? In my opinion, no.

Matters to which he gives major attention are good in themselves and to be desired. For the most part, however, they apply quite as much to animals as to men.

Physical activity, health, affection—these are principles which likewise keep a horse fat under the saddle and make for contented cows. Even happiness derived from a sense of accomplishment is voiced widely in farmyards daily.

Men, however, can have such satisfactions in abundance and still be miserable. Indeed, it should be said that the chief cause of human unhappiness is the attempt to find happiness chiefly on the physical or animal level.

The essence of human happiness is found in a quality of life uniquely characteristic of human beings. It is born of the mind's probing and of the soul's hunger. It pertains to that in man which tends a bed of roses, kneels before an altar, stakes all for the *right*,

and lays down life for his brothers. It is fashioned from the discovery that the best in us does not hammer against closed doors, that *reality* responds with redemptive reinforcement and liberating fulfillment.

In short, the essence of human happiness is found in knowledge of and obedience to the wisdom and mission of Jesus Christ.

Not until near his speculative journey's end does Dr. Durant arrive at the threshold of human happiness. If only he had begun where he ended!

PAUL HARDIN, JR., *First Methodist Church, Birmingham, Alabama*

I AGREE with Dr. Durant that happiness is a condition, but I think it is more than physical or intellectual. It is also a spiritual condition.

Activity is excellent; but sometimes restlessness is due to unhappiness. Intelligence is desirable; but some pretty intelligent people commit suicide.

What I miss most in this highly readable article is the joy of sins forgiven, the harmony of a proper relationship with God and man. I may be in error, but I get the impression that Dr. Durant considers the Bible as beautifully phrased poetry and prose. It is, indeed, all of that. But to many people—remarkably happy under ordinarily depressing circumstances—it is also truth, light, and life.

Nevertheless, I thoroughly enjoyed Dr. Durant's article. I strongly commend the importance he places upon love and family life.

JOHN DAVID ERB, *Copley Methodist Church, Boston, Massachusetts*

AFTER READING Dr. Durant's article, a person is likely to take mental inventory of himself to see whether he is active enough, eating well, married properly, achieving sufficiently, and preparing adequately for old age. There is real help from such self-checking.

But Dr. Durant has neglected one of the great instincts man needs to satisfy himself before he can be truly and lastingly happy. This is the desire for contact with the Infinite, a fellowship with the Eternal, the persistent longing to hold God's hand, to feel the touch of his love.

When man has satisfied his desire for a personal relationship with God, the Father, then he will find himself happy even though many of his other desires are not satisfied—which is the case with most of us. A man on everyday living terms with God will not be frantically seeking other fulfillments which are fragile and temporal. He will search and strive. But if he fails, he will still experience happiness.

In the end, the man who satisfies his desire for God will know that it is not the end, but that life is everlasting for him as a person. This basic element of happiness is probably the easiest of all to satisfy. It is done by faith, trust, and a response to God's love.

Happiness is nearer than we think and less difficult than Mr. Durant would have us believe. Our most essential need finds its answer in God.

your own sweet will. You will find Euripides there, and Plutarch, Augustine, Omar Khayyam, Montaigne, Cervantes, Shakespeare, Bacon, Shelley, Balzac, Voltaire, Molière, Boswell, Gibbon, Goethe, Schopenhauer, Byron, Keats, Dostoevski, Tolstoi, Emerson, Thoreau, Whitman.

And, of course, the Bible, with those Proverbs, and the Psalms with the most beautiful poetry ever written; and the Prophets, the most magnificent prose ever written; and the New Testament with the greatest ideal ever phrased.

Finally, we face the question of death. How can you be happy despite knowing the inexorableness of the Reaper?

Happy the man who, nearing the end, can share the sublime faith of Christianity that death is but a portal to a better life!

Even those who can't rise to that confidence would not wish to live endlessly, any more than the Wandering Jew wished to live endlessly. Death is a gift. It is a boon to life, because life is possible only because of death.

On my hand at this moment are skin cells dying. Why? In order that fresh cells may come and take their place, in order that the organism itself, the entire organism, may have life through the death of its parts. So that is what death is! The renewal of life through the renewal of its parts.

Think of yourself, then, as a part, not as an entirety, and you will perceive how rational it is that even we shall disappear. If we have lived fully and well, we shall not object to going in our due time. It is as Marcus Aurelius, dying in his tent on the Danube, said: "Thou hast existed as a part. Now thou shalt disappear into that which produced thee. This, too, Nature wills. Pass, then, through this little space of time conformably to Nature, and end thy journey in contentment, as just the olive falls when it is ripe, thanking the tree on which it grew, and blessing the Nature that gave it birth."

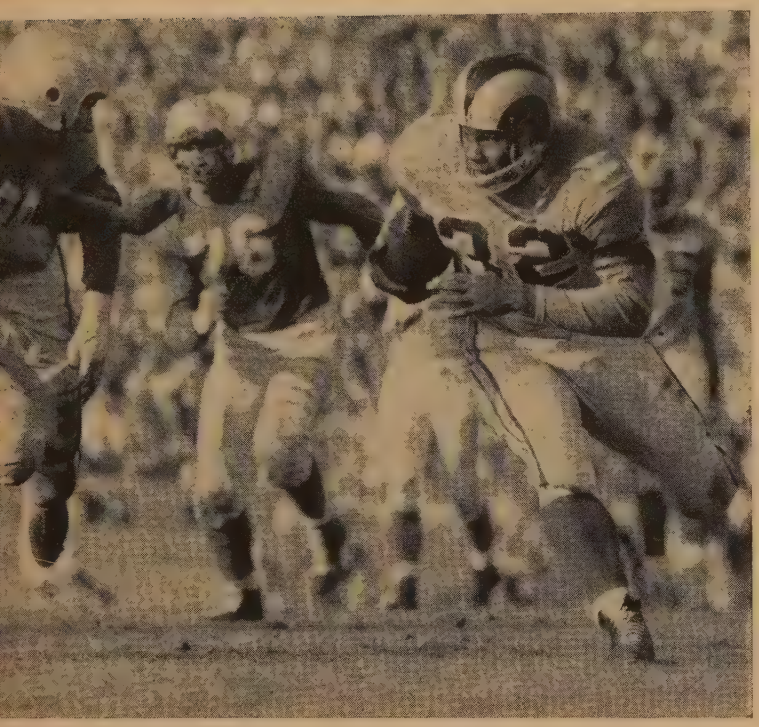
When the time comes, we may thank God and man for the privilege of having lived, for every morsel we have eaten, every trial we have faced, every child we have helped, every love we have given or received.

And yet, I can't quite end there. As Horace said, *"Non omnus moria"* —"I shall not altogether die." Everything that I have done, every word that I have uttered, remains behind me in some kind of whirlpool of eddying and spreading influence. If I have lived decently, those whom I leave behind will remember me, and in their difficulties, when life seems to lose meaning, with great bereavements coming, they will hear a voice whispering courage in their ears. They will feel an arm on their shoulders, and they will know that it is I, whom they thought dead.

Let us live so that the memory of us will be for generation after generation a courage and a blessing.

Among ten million Methodists are many people you'd like to sit and chat with—or see perform—or take along on a fishing trip.

Unusual Methodists



DAN TOWLER . . . now he carries the Bible.

FOOTBALL fans know big Dan Towler as a crashing—6'1", 226-pound—fullback, who in six seasons with the Los Angeles Rams became one of the all-time gridiron greats. But Towler won't be back next season. At 28, the height of his career, he has quit to become pastor of the Lincoln Avenue Methodist Church in Pasadena, Calif.—first Negro ever named full-time minister of that interracial congregation.

Towler, who inaugurated the Rams' custom of praying before each game, earned $14,200 last season. As a pastor, he will get $3,600, plus parsonage and $400 car expenses. He has had his sights fixed on the pulpit since he was nine, was drawn to Methodism because he felt it offered "a genuine opportunity" in interracial work. To him, the pulpit offers the greatest challenge he has ever faced.

PETE McCARTHY . . . you'll find him on Joliet's "whisky row."

ONCE Pete McCarthy—an Irishman born on St. Patrick's Day, naturally—was a bartender, then a boxer, then a barber. But a half century ago a Methodist minister moved next door to him and Pete, as all Joliet, Ill., knows him today, gave his life to Christ. For Pete, that was an all-out commitment. In '09 he opened a mission on "Whisky Row," sold his few possessions to support it, and has devoted his life ever since to the care of "the lost, the last, the least." Now 90, Pete is a Methodist lay preacher, can look back and smile at the days when neighbors smashed the windows of his mission almost nightly.

Despite his age, he is still giving food, lodging, transportation to all who need it. One man he helped as a youth who returned years later—a success—to thank him is Jack Dempsey.

JOHN E. ZOLLER . . . hopes his sexton won't forget to keep his church warm.

A VETERAN Methodist chaplain, the Rev. John E. Zoller, has a new charge—the southernmost parish and the coldest congregation. He is at the South Pole as Protestant chaplain to 350 men taking part in Operation Deepfreeze. His parishioners are scattered over seven isolated stations; lay leaders at each keep in touch with him via short-wave radio. Mr. Zoller, 37, was pastor of Grace Church in Oakland, Calif., when he entered the chaplaincy in 1948. He's pictured above with Commander Charles Bullfinch, of the icebreaker *USS Atka,* and Bishop A. Raymond Grant, of Seattle, just before leaving the U. S.

BARBARA JEAN DAVID is a girl you'd like to think of as typical of America's young women. At 18, this Winfield, Kan., miss has won so many local and national 4-H awards, shown so much get-up-and-go in school and community projects, that she has been selected Miss Young America in 4-H by *Seventeen* magazine. And Barbara, scholarship winner at Kansas State College, credits her Methodist training for putting her on the right road —for teaching her "to set my own standards and live up to them."

Barbara, beauty queen of several festivals, is a busy officer of church, youth, and school groups. Yet she finds time to earn her spending money and to help others. As one preacher has put it, "She's willing to do the dirty work."

BARBARA is equally at home in barnyard jeans or in party dress.

A father teaches brotherhood to his son . . .
a fragment from a classic of Danish literature.

My Little Boy is Growing

By CARL EWALD

MY LITTLE BOY is beginning to live. Carefully, stumbling now and then on his little knock-kneed legs, he makes his way over the paving stones, looks at everything that there is to look at, and bites at every apple, both those which are his due and those which are forbidden him.

He is not a pretty child and is the more likely to grow into a fine lad. But he is charming.

His face can light up suddenly and become radiant; he can look at you with quite cold eyes. He has a strong intuition and he is incorruptible. He has never yet bartered a kiss for barley sugar. There are people whom he likes and people whom he dislikes. There is one who has long courted his favor indefatigably and in vain; and, the other day, he formed a close friendship with another who had not so much as said "Good day" to him before he had crept into her lap and nestled there with glowing resolution.

He has a habit which I love.

When we are walking together and there is anything that impresses him, he lets go my hand for a moment. Then, when he has investigated the phenomenon and arrived at a result, I feel his little fist in mine again.

He has bad habits too.

He is apt, for instance, suddenly and without the slightest reason, to go up to people whom he meets in the street and hit them with his little stick. What is in his mind, when he does so, I do not know; and, so long as he does not hit me, it remains a matter between himself and the people concerned.

He has an odd trick of seizing big words in a grown-up conversation, storing them up for a while, and then asking me for a good explanation:

"Father," he says, "what is life?"

I give him a tap in his little stomach, roll him over on the carpet, and conceal my emotion under a mighty romp. Then, when we sit breathless and tired, I answer, gravely:

"Life is delightful, my little boy. Don't you be afraid of it!"

Today my little boy gave me my first lesson.

It was in the garden.

I was writing in the shade of the big chestnut tree, close to where the brook flows past. He was sitting a little way off, on the grass, in the sun, with Hans Christian Andersen in his lap.

Of course, he does not know how to read, but he lets you read to him, likes to hear the same tales over and over and over again. The better he knows them, the better he is pleased. He follows the story page by page, knows exactly where everything comes, and catches you up immediately should you skip a line.

There are two tales which he loves more than anything in the world.

These are Grimm's *Faithful John* and Andersen's *The Little Mermaid*. When anyone comes whom he likes, he fetches the big Grimm, with those heaps of pictures, and asks for *Faithful John*. Then, if the reader stops, because it is so terribly sad, with all those little dead children, a bright smile lights up his small, long face and he says, reassuringly and pleased at "knowing better":

"Yes, but they come to life again."

Today, however, it is *The Little Mermaid*.

"Is that the sort of stories you write?" he asks.

"Yes," I say, "but I am afraid mine will not be so pretty as those are."

"You must take pains," he says.

And I promise.

For a time he makes no sound. I go on writing and forget about him.

"Is there a little mermaid down there, in the water?" he asks.

"Yes, she swims up to the top in the summer."

He nods and looks out across the brook, which ripples so softly and smoothly that one can hardly see the water flow. On the opposite side, the rushes grow green and thick and there is also a bird, hidden in the rushes, which sings. The dragonflies are whirling and humming. I am sitting with my head in my hand, absorbed in my work.

Suddenly I hear a splash.

I jump from my chair, upset the table, dart forward, and see that my little boy is gone. The brook is billowing and foaming; there are wide circles on the surface.

In a moment, I am in the water and find him and catch hold of him.

He stands on the grass, dripping with wet, spluttering and coughing. His thin clothes are clinging to his thin body, his face is black with mud. But out of the mud gleams a pair of angry eyes:

"There was no mermaid," he says.

I do not at once know what to reply and I have no time to think.

"Do you write that sort of stories?" he asks.

"Yes," I say, shamefaced.

"I don't like any of you," he says. "You make fun of a little boy."

He turns his back on me and, proud and wet, goes indoors without once looking round.

This evening, Grimm and Hans Christian Andersen disappear in a

Up

Illustration by JACK WHITE

"I hope you will meet that Jew boy one day, so that you can give him your hand and ask him to forgive you."

mysterious manner, which is never explained. He will miss them greatly, at first; but he will never be fooled again, not if I were to give him the sun and moon in his hand.

THERE is a battle royal and a great hullabaloo among the children in the courtyard.

I hear them shouting "Jew!" and I go to the window and see my little boy in the front rank of the bandits, screaming, fighting with clenched fists and without his cap.

I sit down quietly to my work again, certain that he will appear before long and ease his heart.

And he comes directly after.

He stands still, as is his way, by my side and says nothing. I steal a glance at him: he is greatly excited and proud and glad, like one who has fearlessly done his duty.

"What fun you've been having down there!"

"Oh," he says modestly, "it was only a Jew boy whom we were licking."

I jump up so quickly that I upset my chair:

"A Jew boy? Were you licking him? What had he done?"

"Nothing. . . ."

His voice is not very certain, for I look so queer.

And that is only the beginning. For now I snatch my hat and run out of the door as fast as I can and shout:

"Come . . . come . . . we must find him and beg his pardon!"

My little boy hurries after me. He does not understand a word of it, but he is terribly in earnest. We look in the courtyard, we shout and call.

getting along Together

I still get a glow when I think about Miss Lilly Bert and a Thanksgiving long ago. Our family was poor, but we counted our blessings when we thought about Miss Lilly Bert. Her small income came solely from what mending and sewing she found to do for neighbors.

We decided one Thanksgiving that Miss Lilly Bert would have plenty to eat, just once. We skimped and saved and soon had enough for a generous basket of groceries. We burst from the house with our gift and almost fell over Miss Lilly, caught in the act of leaving *us* a gift basket.

—Paul Boone, *Chicago, Ill.*

Nine-year-old Johnny was in the next room with his grandfather, reading aloud to him from one of his books. The old man was totally blind, having lost his sight in an accident years before. We could hear Johnny's halting words from the porch, and as we listened, we heard him falter at a word. There was a pause; then we heard grandfather's voice. "Scratched," he said. Once more Johnny took up the story. We were amazed. How could the blind old man have read the word for Johnny?

When the next pause came, we slipped to the door and looked into the room. There we saw the little boy, his face intent, slowly writing with his finger the unfamiliar word on his grandfather's bald head.

—Thomas P. Ramirez, *Fond du Lac, Wis.*

Ted's wife decided to get rid of one of his old hats by donating it to her WSCS rummage sale. But it was his favorite "fishing" hat. Some men would have "blown their top" at such subversive action. Not Ted. He went to the sale, and for 75 cents bought another beat-up hat.

—Rev. Phil E. Pierce, *Mt. Ida, Ark.*

This column is for true tales of little deeds that illuminate the art of living. Let's have yours. If it's used, you'll soon receive a $5 check.—Eds.

We rush into the street and round the corner, so eager are we to come up with him. Breathlessly we ask three passers-by if they have not seen a poor, ill-used Jew boy.

All in vain: the Jew boy and all his persecutors are blown away into space.

So we go and sit up in my room again, the laboratory where our soul is crystallized out of the big events of our little life. My forehead is wrinkled and I drum disconsolately with my fingers on the table. The boy has both his hands in his pockets and does not take his eyes from my face.

"Well," I say, decidedly, "there is nothing more to be done. I hope you will meet that Jew boy one day, so that you can give him your hand and ask him to forgive you. You must tell him that you did that only because you were stupid. But if, another time, anyone does him any harm, I hope you will help him and lick the other one as long as you can stir a limb."

I CAN SEE by my little boy's face that he is ready to do what I wish. For he is still a mercenary, who does not ask under which flag, so long as there is a battle and booty to follow. It is my duty to train him to be a brave recruit, who will defend his fair motherland, and so I continue:

"Let me tell you, the Jews are by way of being quite wonderful people. You remember David, about whom Dirty reads at school: he was a Jew boy. And the Child Jesus, whom everybody worships and loves, although he died two thousand years ago: he was a little Jew also."

My little boy stands with his arms on my knee and I go on with my story.

The old Hebrews rise before our eyes in all their splendor and power, quite different from Dirty's Balslev. They ride on their camels in coats of many colors and with long beards: Moses and Joseph and his brethren and Samson and David and Saul. We hear wonderful stories. The walls of Jericho fall at the sound of the trumpet.

"And what next?" says my little boy, using the expression which he employed when he was much smaller and which still comes to his lips whenever he is carried away.

We hear of the destruction of Jerusalem and how the Jews took their little boys by the hand and wandered from place to place, scoffed at, despised and ill-treated. How they were allowed to own neither house nor land, but could only be merchants, and how the Christian robbers took all the money which they had got together. How, nevertheless, they remained true to their God and kept up their old sacred customs in the midst of the strangers who hated and persecuted them.

The whole day is devoted to the Jews.

We look at old books on the shelves which I love best to read and which are written by a Jew with a wonderful name, which a little boy can't remember at all. We learn that the most famous man now living in Denmark is a Jew.

And, when evening comes and Mother sits down at the piano and sings the song which Father loves above all other songs, it appears that the words were written by one Jew and the melody composed by another.

My little boy is hot and red when he falls to sleep that night. He turns restlessly in bed and talks in his sleep.

"He is a little feverish," says his mother.

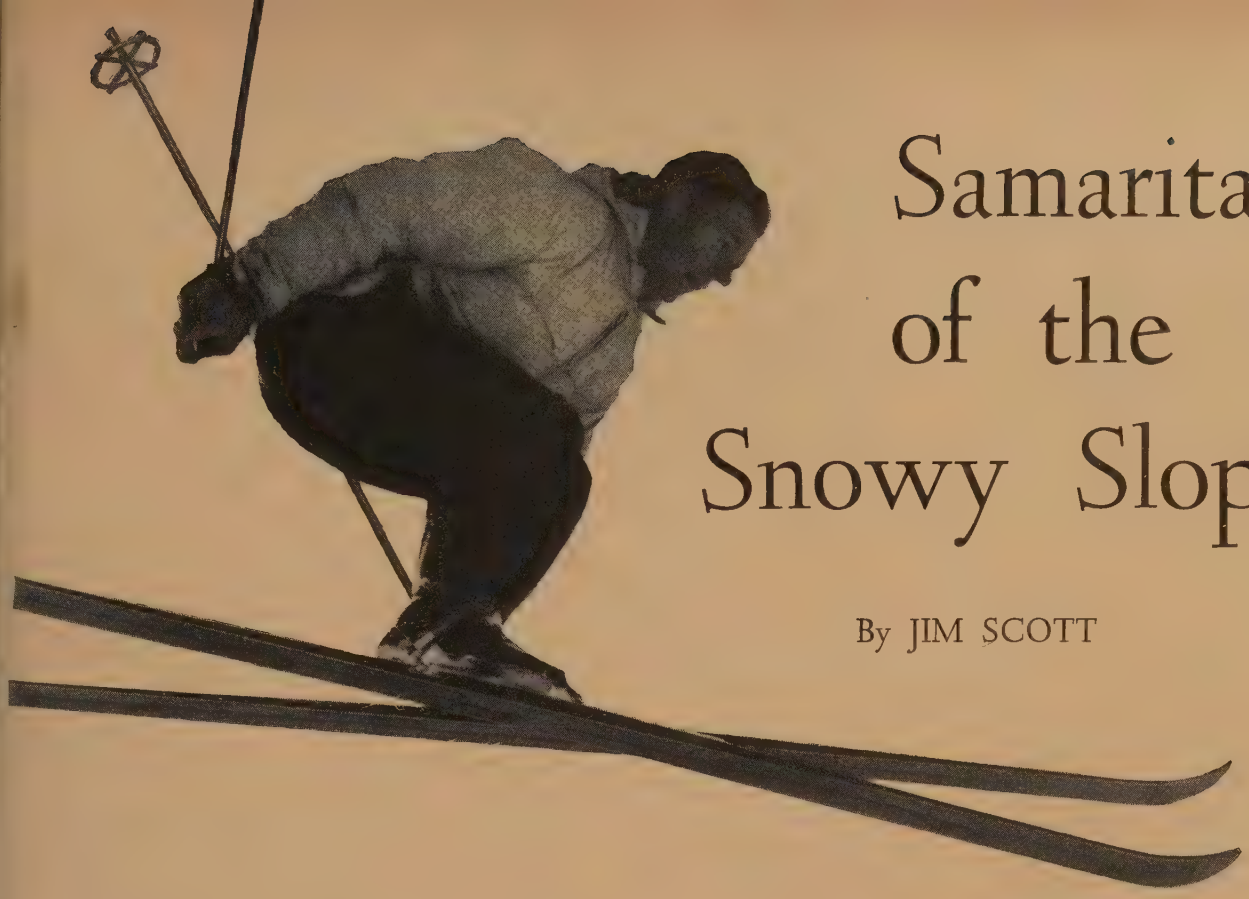
And I bend down and kiss his forehead and answer, calmly:

"That is not surprising. Today I have vaccinated him against the meanest of all mean and vulgar diseases."

READER'S CHOICE

Do you remember reading a story or article that others would enjoy? Send the title, author, place, and date of publication to TOGETHER'S Reader's Choice Editor. If you are first to nominate a feature that we reprint, you will receive $25.

This month's Reader's Choice was sent in by the Rev. George Bullens, of Bangor, Me. It was excerpted from the Danish book, *My Little Boy*, written by Carl Ewald, translated by Alexander Teixeira de Mattos. (Reprinted by permission of Charles Scribner's Sons.)



Samaritans of the Snowy Slopes

By JIM SCOTT

VENTURING into the uncharted high reaches of Squaw Peak, California, a pretty Stanford coed pitched forward as her ski caught in soft snow on a turn.

A sharp pain shot up her leg as she attempted to rise, only to fall back. The bone was broken.

Repeatedly she called for help, but her cries were snuffed out by the cold wind of the late evening. The hills below her now were clear of skiers and a heavy snow began to fall.

Death, she knew, was certain unless her absence was discovered.

Suddenly a whistle shrilled from above her, and she could see the outline of a ski patrolman barreling toward her.

Minutes later Ernie Shickler, Squaw Valley's famed Ski Patrol leader, arrived with a sled on which she was borne safely to the lodge.

That's the way the National Ski Patrol System works to make America's fastest-growing sport safe. Chapters are in operation at almost every ski resort with trained volunteers standing by to take care of mishaps.

To see these modern Samaritans at work, I went to the snowy slopes of Squaw Valley, California, where the 1960 Winter Olympics will be held. Under Shickler are some 50 men and two women on call. He usually has 16 patrolmen on duty over the busy weekends.

Only expert skiers may serve as patrolmen. More important, they must be of strong character, calm in any situation. All candidates start with a course in first aid.

Here's how my day went with Shickler's ski patrol at Squaw:

Long before the first slices of bacon have curled in the pans, the patrol is ready for duty at the bottom of the great lift.

All personal equipment is checked and the first-aid belts filled with supplies. Shickler gives an order to each man—where to ski, where to check, what duties to perform. They must make sure that the toboggans and first-aid material are ready at all stations.

Then the patrol goes up on the ski lift, which rises two and one-half miles. The white slopes are empty, and a strong silence lies over the mountains. At staggered stations teams get off to take up their posts.

Soon word comes over the phone that the first skiers are on their way up and, while some of the patrolmen continue to check slopes, others stand by at the station phones to take any calls that may come in for relaying to the rescue toboggan teams.

"Alertness is maintained at all times," says Shickler. "The rescue team must be ready to leave as soon as the call arrives so victims won't suffer shock through too-long exposure to cold and pain."

It is 9:30 A.M. now. The toboggan crew has checked the equipment at the top station and the trail patrolmen are going by at orderly intervals. Suddenly, the phone rings and a voice snaps: "Casualty in the South Bowl."

Putting on skis takes only a minute. A patrolman slips between the steel handlebars of the toboggan—and is off on his mercy mission.

Shickler skis down the ramp of the top station. One turn and he is alongside one of the parked rescue sleds. Without stopping, he grips the bars, and the first yards are skied outside the handlebars. The fin on the bottom of the toboggan bites into the snow, and a cloud of white powder obscures the sled as speed is picked up. On straight runs, speeds reach 35 to 45 miles per hour.

The sled bucks, pushes, and jumps. "The sensation," says Ernie, "is like

driving a powerful car from a seat on the front bumper."

Coming over the ridge, he catches sight of a black spot surrounded by many dots. Soon the dots become figures. Arriving at the scene, Shickler knows at once that the skier's leg is fractured.

Helpers already have taken off the skis. Blankets are spread under and over the casualty. The splinting begins as soon as the leg is checked for compound fractures. The breaks, as is usual, are in the lower leg and will cause no permanent injury.

The foot is turned out and, by light traction and a grip below the knee and at the ankle, the leg is straightened out.

Instead of pain, the casualty has a feeling of relief.

Next, the leg is padded with special materials made of cotton and paper. The ready-made splint is applied, reaching up above the knee to secure absolute immobility of the joints. Then the man is placed into the basket of the toboggan while skiers hold the sled firmly to the slope.

Assured that the victim is resting comfortably, Shickler places a canvas cover over the blankets and belts it down. Leg-injury victims are transported by placing the person's head downhill; head or chest victims are placed with the head toward the rear of the sled.

Transportation now proceeds with uttermost care. No speeding. Ernie skis between the handlebars. Another patrolman, the "tail man," follows, holding a short rope on the rear of the sled. He keeps the sled from slipping on steep slopes, helps to slow it, and anchors it when need be. Each bump and dip is carefully maneuvered so as not to jar the victim.

On mercy mission on a Sierra peak, patrol members splint the leg of an injured skier.

"That's a typical operation," Ernie explained as the injured skier was transferred to a waiting ambulance at the bottom of the run. "But our day isn't over yet."

He meant that the patrolmen are the last to leave the mountain. Slopes and trails must be checked for any skier in distress, as well as for stragglers. As daylight fades, a thin line of patrolmen moves across the whole area to make sure no skier is overlooked.

It was on such a check that Ernie sighted the Stanford coed in distress.

"There's no more exhilarating or humane job than that of a ski patrolman," Shickler told me. "No business or artistic success or monetary windfall can equal the satisfaction you get when you have looked into the gratified eyes of a young woman who only minutes before had reconciled herself to death."

But rescue assignments aren't the only task of the patrol.

Before a ski area can be opened to the public after a storm, the slopes must be completely covered for avalanche danger.

One team always stays in a storm hut atop the mountain during a storm. This vigil is necessary to determine at once if a slide has covered the bow-weel of the ski lift. If it has, the structure might be damaged when the lift is set in motion.

The first inspection after the fury

Every day at dusk the patrol goes out to see that nobody is marooned overnight.

relents is at the top terminal of the lift. The team then sets out to ski along the lift line, to check the towers and intermediate stations on the lift. Not until they arrive at the bottom station does the lift operation start.

Then the avalanche crew goes up in the lift to check for potential avalanches or other trouble. This is the most dangerous part of patrol duty, and is done under an expert.

After ascending to the crest on the lift, the men rope up and advance onto the steep and dangerous slope.

While the first skier advances, the second belays him on a long nylon rope. It is the duty of the man cutting a track into the deep new snow to set off the avalanche or slide while staying safely above it. Having played out the length of the rope, the second man advances, staying higher than the leader. If the snow has not started to move on the first cut, the second rope party starts out slightly lower to make another cut. Again, if no results have been obtained, a third group essays a lower track.

If all teams have traversed the slope without the snow sliding, the area is traversed in reverse. Only after the whole terrain is backwardly checked is it deemed safe for skiing.

Cornices are overhanging ridges built up by the wind. The weight of a skier often can break them, loosening tons of dangerous snow.

As the first patrolman advances toward a cornice, the second belays him on the rope. After going as far as he dares, the leadoff man buries a dynamite charge. A fuse is attached with a long wire leading to the detonator. The men retreat.

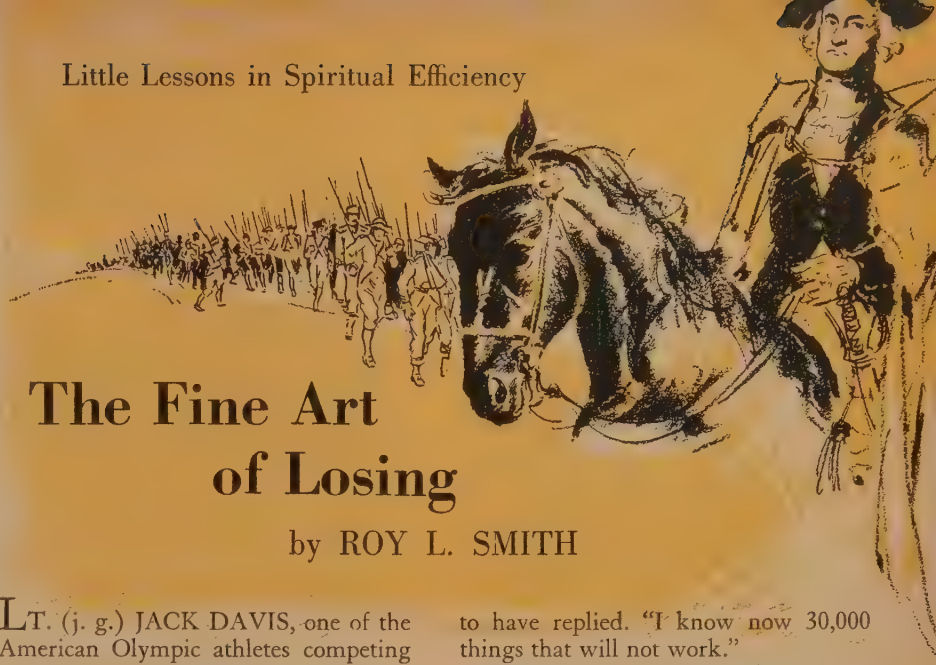
The plunger is pressed home and, with a terrific roar, the charge goes off. A snow plume seems to hang for seconds over the cornice, the ground quivers under the concussion, cracks appear in the hard-packed snow mass; then it begins to crumble, tumbling into the slope far below. As it falls, slides are started, and the slope is hidden by a white cloud.

Soon the snow, driven by the wind, smooths out the new blanket. Another area has been made safe.

Soon the hills are dotted with figures gliding downward in the finest, merriest symphony of sports.

And watching unnoticed from above are the ski-patrol leaders—true Samaritans of the white hills.

Little Lessons in Spiritual Efficiency



The Fine Art of Losing

by ROY L. SMITH

LT. (j. g.) JACK DAVIS, one of the American Olympic athletes competing in the games at Melbourne, Australia, established a world record for the 110-meter hurdles in the preliminaries. But he lost in the finals. Commenting on the matter a few days later, he said, "I was terribly disappointed at the time, but I feel better now. . . . I've won a lot of races and had my share of acclaim. Part of this business is learning how to lose."

Having come to that conclusion is, we submit, a bigger victory than winning any world's championship. For to learn how to lose is one of life's greatest achievements. Hats off to Jack Davis! An uncounted succession of victories in life lie ahead of him.

Someone who is interested in the records has come up with the interesting statement that Babe Ruth, the baseball immortal, struck out almost as many times as he hit home runs. Nearly two thirds of the times he came to bat, the greatest batter in baseball history failed to hit a home run. But he learned how to lose and in the meantime made an all-time record.

The military strategists tell us that General George Washington carried the American Revolution to a successful finish by retreating. Seldom in all the annals of war has any commanding officer given up so much territory, surrendered so many strategic positions, or lost so many battles—only to emerge in the end as the victor.

The story is told of a conversation between Thomas A. Edison and a friend, relative to the invention of the incandescent lamp. "Why don't you give it up?" the visitor asked of the great inventor. "You have performed 30,000 experiments and nothing has worked. You do not know anything more now than when you began."

"Oh, yes, I do," Mr. Edison is said to have replied. "I know now 30,000 things that will not work."

He had learned how to lose. Eventually he won—because he learned from his failures.

One of the first things the young child has to learn is that he cannot have everything. As an infant, he reaches vainly for the moon. As a toddler, he discovers that though he "wants" many things there are some things he cannot have. If he learns how to accept the denials of life, he has paved the way for a happy maturity.

A very wise young woman who had recently suffered a bitter disappointment said, "Long ago I learned that none of us has everything he wants. I have determined, therefore, to enjoy and rejoice in those things I have." That was saying the same thing in a slightly different way.

Napoleon is reported to have said that there comes a point in every battle when both sides have lost and both sides have won. Then, the army which returns first to the attack becomes the ultimate victor.

In pointing up a lesson very similar to this, Jesus one time told the story of a shepherd who hunted all through the night for a lost sheep. Hour after hour he searched in vain, but there is intense drama in the way our Lord described the search—*until he found it!*

It was said of an interesting old character on the American frontier that he "never knew when he was whipped." To which a quiet man responded, "And that is the reason he never was. No man is ever whipped until he admits it to himself."

The Apostle Paul one time said that "God loves the cheerful giver" (2 Cor. 9:7). And he might very truly have added, "And God also loves the man who loses with good humor and without resentment, for he shall win eventually."

The District Superintendent

Methodism's Man

As district superintendent, M. D. McKean co-ordinates 92 churches, assets of $8 million.

His schedule claims most evenings. Here, he and Mrs. McKean attend a bazaar at the First Methodist Church, Grand Rapids. With 1,920 members and property valued at more than $1 million, this is the biggest church in his district.

HE HAS BEEN dubbed the sparkplug, the workhorse, and the never-missing link. He's at Methodism's middle—between bishops and pastors and their people. We used to call him "presiding elder"—but now he is "district superintendent." Without him the far-flung U. S. Methodist organization—with its 40,000 churches and 10 million members—could hardly hold together.

Some laymen facetiously refer to district superintendents as "the Lord's district sales managers." The job does demand the energy, the altertness, and the persuasiveness of a sales executive. But that is not all.

District superintendents are in constant demand as speakers. They talk before men's clubs, social gatherings, retreats, youth groups, annual and quarterly conferences—and service clubs, and civic or school groups. Seldom can they deliver the same speech twice.

They work closely with their bishop. Pastors ask them to help with problems of individual churches, and these problems range from evangelism to selecting stained-glass windows. They are pastors of pastors. Counseling with their men claims a great deal of their time.

One of 571 district superintendents in the United States is the Rev. Maurice D. McKean, Grand Rapids, Mich., now in the fourth year of his six-year term. He is a stocky, graying, 55-year-old former pastor who is too busy now to have a church of his own. Like any other district superintendent anywhere, his job is to see to it that things get done. Specifically, he seeks to

Attending a meeting of the official board of Marne Church, McKean is asked about Methodism's new program of local-church emphasis. He explains how it was authorized by General Conference last May and activated later in Michigan.

at the Middle

Deeply interested in Methodist Youth Fellowship activities, he attends various MYF meetings on his district. Here, at Grand Rapids, he discusses with MYFers their recent visit to New York City and the United Nations.

weld his 90-odd churches and pastors into the many-phased program of The Methodist Church. And he superintends the Grand Rapids District's $8 million investment in churches, parsonages, and Methodist institutions.

Driving thousands of miles each year in the area ranging west from Grand Rapids to Lake Michigan, McKean keeps things humming wherever he goes.

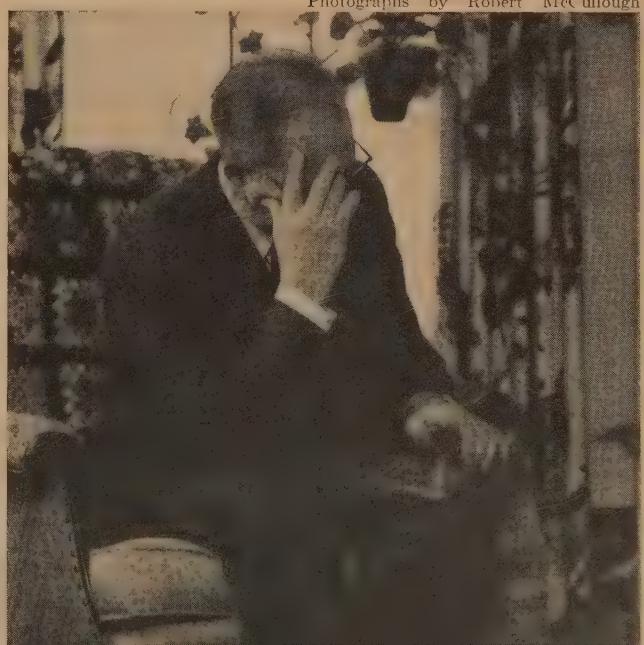
The McKean home is both an office and a Grand Central Station, with doors forever opening. Young people, families, committees, and individuals come for various reasons. His desk, piled high with papers and letters, is the only disorderly corner in the household, over which Mrs. McKean presides. She is a gracious hostess and perfect complement to her husband.

Methodists greet him respectfully as "Doctor McKean," but he speaks equally well the language of small children, teen-agers, and their elders. He needs to be architect, psychiatrist, cheerleader, authority on the work of the church boards, accountant, lawyer, and emcee. He seeks out and encourages young ministers, helps establish new churches, attends quarterly and annual conferences, has innumerable conferences with his bishop, Marshall R. Reed in Detroit. He listens patiently if church folk are unhappy over their pastoral appointment.

Shift the scenery, and the work of the Rev. M. D. McKean is little different from that being done by the other district superintendents in the United States. He has no guidebook except *The Methodist Discipline*. And when his six-year term has expired, he cannot be reappointed. He will return to a pulpit which, after all, was his first love.

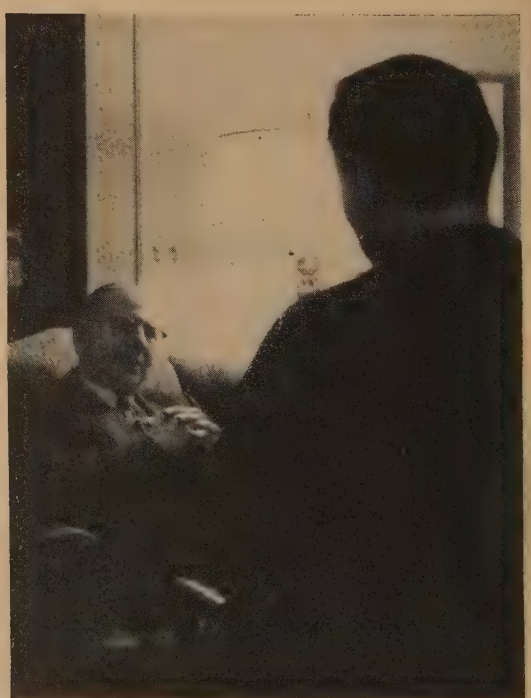
At day's end this district superintendent, like many another, trudges through the snowy winter night to yet another meeting. Silent prayer (below) in the quiet of home undergirds his ceaseless activity.

Photographs by Robert McCullough



Committing to God's care "this house and all who dwell within," McKean helps dedicate the home of the Norman Kitches in Grand Rapids.

In his study, Dr. McKean talks with a young man who is considering a career in the ministry. The candidate was particularly interested in personal traits a pastor should have.



He visits the Day Care Center (above) at the Methodist Community House, Grand Rapids. Below: Mrs. McKean entertains a group of pastors' wives in her comfortable dining room.

At Middleville, his first charge, Dr. McKean baptizes the son of the Rev. and Mrs. George Grettenberg.

A pastoral relations committee (above) calls. Below: Bachelor ministers treat him to a supper.

A friendly chat at the hospital with John Gregory, 85, a retired Methodist minister.

My Aunt

Juliette Gordon Low, founder of the Girl Scouts, dreamed fantastic dreams . . . but made them come true.

FORTY-FIVE years ago, down in Savannah, Georgia, a warm-hearted and impulsive woman—childless herself—picked up the telephone and called one of her many friends. "Nina," she said, "come right over. I've got something for the girls of this city, and the entire country, and the whole world—and we're starting it tonight!"

Today, as a direct result of that phone call, there are two million American youngsters in Girl Scout uniform, plus half a million leaders. It would be conventional to say that the growth of the organization has exceeded its founder's wildest dreams, but I'm not sure that this would be true. My Aunt Daisy had faith in the future of Scouting, and she was good at dreaming big dreams.

Her name was Juliette Gordon Low, but to me—since she was my father's sister—she was simply Aunt Daisy. I was only 14 when she died, but I remember her with diamond clarity: a sturdy, square-shouldered figure with iron-gray hair, a gentle mouth, and magnificent brown eyes that could snap with humor or flash with indignation.

Her fame as founder of the Girl Scouts meant nothing to me. Nor did her oddities strike me as being particularly odd. If, when staying in hotels, she chose to safeguard her jewels by putting them in her shoes and then placing the shoes outside the door—although she admitted it was a bore to have to get up and retrieve them before the bootblack arrived—why, such a performance struck my young mind as having a weird and commendable logic all too rare among grownups.

So did her habit of entertaining us children, when things got dull, by standing statuesquely on her head. Who could ask for a better way of getting rid of boredom?

This remarkable lady, as every Girl Scout knows, was born in Savannah on Halloween, 1860, and as a small child distinctly recalled the capture of the city by Union troops. General Sherman, who had known Daisy's mother before the war, came to call, and the little girl had her first taste of sugar sitting happily on his lap.

There was no doubt, however, as to where her sympathies lay. She noticed one of Sherman's aides with an empty sleeve. "I s'pose my Daddy did that," she said complacently. "He shoots lots of Yankees!"

Cotton restored the Gordon family fortunes after the poverty of the Civil War, and Daisy was educated in New York where she learned French and showed a remarkable talent for painting and sculpting. But she never learned to spell. I can remember her looking up crossly from the dictionary and saying to my father, "Arthur, how do you spell *scent?* You know, scent of a flower. I've looked under *se* and *ce* and it isn't here at all!"

The absent-mindedness for which she became famous later reared its head while she was at school, too. On

Daisy

By Arthur Gordon

one occasion she went into a New York hotel, ordered a large meal, found that she had forgotten her money, and fled in panic before the waiter could bring the food. But when, weeks later, she told the story at home, her father, who had a stern set of ethics, made her write to the hotel, get the bill, and pay.

When she was 26, Daisy married William Low, an Englishman whose cotton interests brought him often to Savannah. In England she became part of the glittering world that represented the high noon of Victorianism. There she rode to hounds, kept up her painting and sculpting, wrote poetry, and became mildly renowned for the Georgia cuisine that she introduced to London. She was the friend impartially of such luminaries as Rudyard Kipling and of countless outcast dogs and cats which she was forever bringing home.

She could never bear the thought of an animal in pain—or even an animal uncomfortable. One cold night in the Savannah house she got to worrying about a cow that inhabited one of the stables. She took the blankets from the guest room, descended in her nightdress to the cow's stall, and pinned them tenderly around the astonished animal.

The only shadow on her life in those days was her deafness. When she was 21, a mistaken application of nitrate of silver had virtually destroyed one eardrum. And on her wedding day, a grain of rice thrown by a guest had lodged in the other ear, causing a serious infection. The result was that she slowly lost almost all power of hearing.

She joked about this affliction, but she felt keenly the loneliness imposed by such a handicap. When her husband died, the loneliness was intensified by her childlessness. The gay, romantic life she had led no longer satisfied her; she longed to be indispensable to others.

It was at this point—1911 to be exact—that she met Sir Robert Baden-Powell. Baden-Powell was a hero of the Boer War who had focused the attention of Britain on a movement that he called Boy Scouting. He made a profound impression upon Daisy, and persuaded her to start a troop of Girl Guides, as the British called them, in the lonely Scottish valley of Glen Lyon. Only seven girls could be recruited, and one had to walk six miles to meetings. But it was a beginning.

In October, Daisy started another troop, in London. In January, 1912, she sailed for the States, and shortly afterwards, in Savannah, made her now-famous telephone call to her friend Nina Pape.

Soon there were six or seven troops functioning in Savannah, their activities reported in the daily papers. In 1912 there was a tremendous need for organized group activities for girls for better hygiene, instruction in arts and crafts, fuller participation in community life. People who heard rumors of these new Girl Guides (as they were then called) wanted to hear more. At her own expense, Daisy opened a national headquarters in Washington.

She shanghaied her friends shamelessly into helping her. Her deafness became an asset. When people protested that they had no time or energy to give, Daisy refused to hear them. She went from city to city, usually alone, giving interviews, making speeches, infecting people with the virus of her enthusiasm. She shuttled back and forth between England and America, transplanting ideas in both directions. She became a one-woman crusade.

People have wondered where she got her determination and persistence, deaf and middle-aged and far from well as she was. I think the answer is plain: the wells of her spirit were deep. She was profoundly religious, a lifelong member of old Christ Church in Savannah. And as she grew older, and experienced some of the trials and disappointments that come to all of us, her spiritual resources grew stronger.

After her death, many poems that she had written were found in her journals. Here is one that reflects this hard-won spiritual awareness:

When we are young, and heart to heart
Whispers of things untried, divine,
Before the dregs are in the wine,
Or disillusion plays a part,
When we are young, is it not true
That love's eternal, when it's new?

When we are old, and time has bred
A callous tolerance in love's stead,

At the Mamaroneck, N.Y., Methodist Church, Girl Scouts make toys for a hospital.

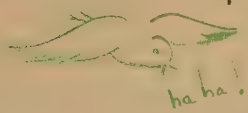
WISE SAYINGS OF LIBERIA

One flood does not make you pull off your trousers twice.

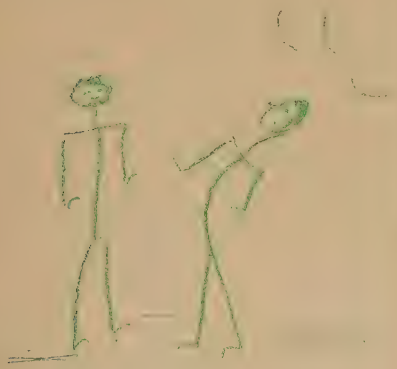
If you sew it loosely you must walk in it loosely.

If you stand on a little stick and discover a dead elephant, don't say you stood on a big log to find it.

The noise of a guinea fowl is the same, whether it is flying up or down.



When someone says "Watch out!" you do not keep on gazing into the sky.



—From a booklet of proverbs collected by Norma Bloomquist, a missionary in Liberia.

Blessed are the eyes whose clearer view
Can read the meaning of the whole,
The deeper meaning of the soul
The Love Eternal—old or new!

Daisy learned gradually and sometimes painfully, as most of us do, that the only true happiness lies in self-forgetfulness. In one of her annual birthday messages to Scouts everywhere, she wrote, "One's birthday should be a day for good resolutions. And there is a suggestion of Arnold Bennett's that may be of use to you, as it has helped me. He calls it an aid, and he says, 'The deliberate cultivation of the gift of putting yourself in another's place is the beginning of wisdom in human relations.' To put yourself in another's place requires real imagination, but by so doing each Girl Scout will be able to live among others happily."

In another message, she told of a conversation with Baden-Powell in which he told her of a word used by the natives of Africa. The word was *Ipesi,* meaning "Whither?" And Baden-Powell suggested that each letter might stand for an unchanging principle in Girl Scouting:

I for Inspiration
P for Possibilities
E for Example
S for Service
I for Ideals

In other words, Daisy brought to Scouting not only the fun and the energy it needed, but also the spiritual qualities without which it could never have survived.

She was not, certainly, and would hate to be remembered as any kind of plaster saint. She was warm and gifted and highly temperamental. She could be stubborn, she could be unreasonable, she had a quick temper (although she never held a grudge), and she did not always suffer fools gladly.

I have one recollection of her that is vivid still. Aunt Daisy was trying to teach a group of us grubby urchins how to model things in clay. She was patiently instructing one child, and another kept tugging at her sleeve, demanding that she pay attention to him, until suddenly she turned on him. "Wait your turn," she roared, "you pestiferous little gadfly!" The description was so resounding and so apt that I remember it still—although Daisy was promptly overcome by remorse and solaced the gadfly with a piece of English barley sugar.

At present, Girl Scouting reaches about one girl out of every eight of Scout age in the United States. Waiting lists are long. Nobody knows exactly how many Scouts there would be if leaders, sponsors, and meeting places were available. I have an idea that if Aunt Daisy could return for a day or two, she'd start a whirlwind recruiting campaign for more leaders. She'd get them, too. By the ears, if necessary.

Aunt Daisy died in January, 1927, of cancer. But not before she knew that everything she had dreamed for Scouting was coming true.

Plans for the first world conference of Scouting representatives on American soil had been drawn up with 1928 in view as the earliest possible date. When Daisy announced in the spring of 1925 that she wanted it the following year, everybody was aghast. Nothing had been organized.

Daisy listened to all the objections, then drew one of the objectors aside. "My dear," she said, "if we don't have it next year, I won't be here." That was the first time anyone heard her speak of her illness.

It was impossible, but as a tribute to her they did it. Girls came from all over the world, symbols—living symbols—of *ipesi* and the Scouting ideal. Baden-Powell came. Representatives of 31 nations came. Daisy greeted them all, in constant pain, but radiantly happy. This was the culmination of everything for her, the girls and the flags of far-flung nations, the dream come true.

She died on January 17, 1927, and her courage and humor persisted to the last. The day before she died, her maid brought in another huge box of flowers. "If this keeps up," said Daisy wryly, "there won't be any left for the funeral."

She was buried in her Girl Scout uniform while flags in the city stood at half mast. A greathearted woman, Baden-Powell called her in his final tribute, and he was right. When her will was read, this was the last paragraph:

I trust I have left no enmities, and I leave and bequeath to my family my friendships, especially my beloved Girl Scouts.

I Specialize in Lonely People

With verses she was able to fill the darkness.

by Leslie Savage Clark

AFTER MY husband died, life lost all meaning. Where his cheerful voice had sounded, the house was silent. Our daughter had grown and our home was now an empty shell of memories.

Despair gripped my heart. I began to feel that my life was important to no one—not even to the youngsters who had grown up and gone away.

But I realized, as Edna St. Vincent Millay once wrote: "Life must go on —I forget just why!"

So it was that the shut-ins of Rochester, New York, my town, came to the rescue. No, they couldn't come looking for me; I went to them!

It was a neighbor who suggested I take part in a visiting program sponsored by the local Council of Church Women. Investigating, I found the sole purpose of the visits was to be friendship. The only gifts we took to shut-ins were such things as flowers, fruit, or magazines.

Armed with names and addresses, I set out to make an inspiring discovery—to find new friends, new hope, a new outlook—to cure my heartache.

I met a blind woman who looked forward to my visits because of her great interest in poetry. She knew I was going to read from a well-known poem each time I came for a visit.

This blind woman's memory was remarkable. By memorizing the verses, she was able to fill the darkness about her with beautiful poetry. In imagination, she saw Wordsworth's "host of golden daffodils fluttering and dancing." And with the Lady of Shalott she could watch

Willows whiten, aspens quiver,
Little breezes dart and shiver
Through the wave that runs forever
By the island in the river
Flowing down to Camelot.

Another one of my shut-in friends was an elderly gentleman who lay helpless after a series of strokes. He never uttered a word of complaint about his lot, but once he asked me, very hesitantly, if I believed in a future life. He was grateful for my reassurance on a question that loomed so close to his heart.

A young Negro woman, terribly crippled with arthritis, told me of her experiences as a demonstrator for Aunt Jemima's pancake flour. She had been very slender, and in order to play the part of that plump "Mammy" she had had to pad out her figure with sofa pillows.

One shut-in, a widow, simply wanted to talk about her son who was away from home. Many times she showed me cherished pictures of him. She was proud of his cleverness and the good grades he had made in school. She liked to read me fragments from his infrequent letters.

My proud, lonely friend never suspected those letters came from a state prison where her son was serving time as a convicted robber.

As a lonely person who specializes in visiting other lonely people, I have found this experience most rewarding. I try to visit each of them once every two weeks. On the day I plan to make a call, I check with the Visiting Nurse Association to learn of the patient's condition.

One afternoon I became worried about one of the women shut-ins on my list. I reported my anxiety to the Visiting Nurse Association supervisor and within an hour, a trim young nurse was at the shut-in's bedside.

Among the many rewarding dis-

Together in the Home

Looks at movies

By Harry C. Spencer
General Secretary, Methodist Television, Radio, and Film Commission

● *Films are rated for audience suitability. Also, the symbols (+) and (—) provide "yes" or "no" answers to the question: Do the ethical standards in the film in general provide constructive entertainment?*

Albert Schweitzer (Hill and Anderson) ***Family*** (+)

A semi-documentary (the commentary was written by Dr. Schweitzer and narrated by Fredric March) describes the life of the renowned missionary and Nobel Prize winner. Early scenes were re-enacted on location. Current pictures were taken at the African hospital and mission. A reverent glimpse of a great life.

Anastasia (20th Century) ***Adults*** (+) ***Youth*** (+)

Is Anastasia, the daughter of Czar Nicholas II, still alive? She and the rest of the family were supposed to have been killed in the Russian revolution. The czar had deposited ten million pounds in British banks; since he is dead, an heir might claim the fortune. A girl trained to impersonate Anastasia seems to know things her scheming tutors can't teach her. Could she be the real Anastasia?

Rainmaker (Paramount) ***Adults*** (+) ***Youth*** (+)

Though there is comedy in this story of a woman, "almost an old maid," seeking a husband, there are overtones of meaning that will prove fascinating to the serious viewer. Katherine Hepburn, her father, and two brothers live on a ranch in a drought-ridden prairie. She thinks she is too plain to attract a man—until Burt Lancaster, a fake rainmaker, comes by.

The Girl He Left Behind (Warner Bros.) ***Adults*** (+) ***Youth*** (+)

Tab Hunter is a spoiled college athlete who is drafted. He resents discipline, fights army regulations in a film dealing with the basic question: How do you win loyalty?

Though the army uses the harshest discipline, the officer in charge finally tells Tab, "I've failed. You can ask for a dishonorable discharge." Then on maneuvers Tab fulfills a special mission at great personal danger. He is proud of the army. But the final scene shows him, now a drill sergeant, using the same discipline he resented on new recruits.

Love Me Tender (20th Century) ***Youth*** (—)

No one will be interested in this film, starring Elvis Presley, except his fans. Plot, thin; acting, poor; production quality and direction, mediocre. The singing is typically Elvis.

Peacemaker (United Artists) ***Family*** (+)

A former gunslinger, now a parson, arrives in town to find ranchers and farmers in conflict. When the parson tries to bring them together, he gets involved with other gunmen in a battle over railroad property.

Secrets of Life (Walt Disney) ***Adults*** (+) ***Youth*** (+)

Documentary showing nature's method of maintaining life on the earth. Beautiful color scenes woven into a fascinating, educational film.

Teahouse of the August Moon (MGM) ***Adults*** (+)

U. S. Army officers try to teach democracy to the inhabitants of Okinawa. But the natives win out.

Teen-age Rebel (20th Century) ***Adults*** (+)

A more important picture than the title implies. Ginger Rogers plays the part of a divorcee whose daughter is in the father's custody. Years later, the father wants to marry again and sends the daughter back to her mother. Ginger struggles to win the young woman's love.

Wee Geordie (British Lion) ***Family*** (+)

A small Scotch lad is ashamed of his puny physique and takes a correspondence course in body building. After years of training, he wins the hammer throw in the 1956 Olympics —and almost loses his childhood sweetheart. A friendly, enjoyable film for all ages.

coveries I have made is that my shut-in friends expect nothing but friendship. And they give even more richly than they receive. When I was ill, they sent me messages and little "get well quick" notes. Later, when I was well again and able to visit them, they shared, with simple dignity, whatever they had to offer.

A visit to a shut-in need not be sad or gloomy. You should be as cheerful and informal as when you visit a close friend. Exchange bits of household lore. Talk about life and living and the affairs of the community and the nation.

Of course, there are times when the old, old heartaches come to the surface. But the painful memories can be eased by talking them out with someone who has also known pain and great personal loss.

Many of my shut-in friends live in humble homes, but the rooms where they are confined are spotless. In these rooms, which can be transformed from prison cells to places of hope and cheer, I have seen victory after victory over the forces of poverty, pain and age. If you have never been a shut-in, it may be impossible for you to imagine what life would be like without freedom to move around as you always have. Perhaps you would consider existence no longer worth-while; that the best you could do would be sullen acceptance of your lot. When I began specializing in lonely people, I learned that many shut-ins find much to be thankful for.

I am thankful, too, that it was possible for me to learn that by thinking of others, my own lot in life became a brighter one. None of us is alone if his thoughts are of others.

I find that few shut-ins are bitter with their lot. Again and again I hear them say: "People are so kind." Or "God has been very good to me."

Even if your town does not have a well-organized plan for visiting shut-ins, you, too, can specialize in lonely people. There are lonely folk everywhere and you can seek them out through your pastor, a doctor, or a social worker.

No other experience has done so much to heal my own heartaches and to fill me with humble admiration for the dignity and courage of the unconquerable human soul.

A new era is dawning for some 350,000 Americans who are fighting disease, poverty, and prejudice.

America's Indians Get a Chance!

BY JAMES DANIEL

JOHNNY BEGAY is a 10-year-old Navajo Indian boy with wide dark eyes, straight black hair, and a dazzling smile. Born in a one-room, windowless, mud-and-log "hogan," third of five children of a poor, disease-cursed family (the first two children died in infancy), Johnny might have grown up to be just another "blanket Indian," living on a government dole like thousands of others on the huge Navajo reservation in New Mexico and Arizona.

But one day when he was seven and herding sheep, the principal of a school down in the valley drove up the canyon to talk with Johnny's father. Through an interpreter she explained that there was a new Commissioner of Indian Affairs in Washington, Glenn L. Emmons, who was distressed because half the children of the Navajo tribe, largest of all Indian groups, were not attending school. She quoted from a talk he was making to all tribal councils all over the country: "Other children can grow up to be doctors, lawyers, teachers, nurses, businessmen, bankers, skilled operators. They can be congressmen, governors. Your children can, too, if they have the education and we give them their chance."

"What does she want me to do?" the father asked the interpreter uneasily.

"Put that boy in school," said the principal firmly.

"Oh no," the father protested. "Who would do his work?"

"I will," spoke up Johnny's mother. "The strange woman has a good face. What she says is true. If we keep the boy here, he will never have any life but this."

Half an hour later, Johnny was waving a shaky good-by to his family and riding the rutted trail down to the reservation boarding school. Starting without a word of English, Johnny made such progress in the next three years that last fall he went with 500 other Navajo boys and girls to Gallup, N.M. There he lived in a big new dormitory staffed with house-

CHEROKEE . . . NORTH CAROLINA
SIOUX . . . SOUTH DAKOTA
HOPI . . . ARIZONA
KLAMATH . . . CALIFORNIA
YAKIMA . . . WASHINGTON
BLACKFEET . . . MONTANA
PUEBLO . . . NEW MEXICO

Studying the problem at grass-roots level, Emmons meets Indian leaders.

mothers and entered the city schools of racially cosmopolitan Gallup, striking up friendships and studying with children of Yankee, Italian, German, Polish, Mexican, and other stock.

Johnny Begay stands for a new era in Indian relations. It is an era that began in 1952 when presidential candidate Dwight D. Eisenhower pledged to work out a solution of the age-old problems of our original Americans, in close and continuous consultation with the Indians themselves, and to bring them into the main stream of American life. To redeem that pledge the following year, he appointed Glenn Emmons, a small-town "country banker" from Gallup and long-time champion and friend of the Indians, as the 38th Commissioner of Indian Affairs.

Under Emmons, Indian poverty, disease, and ignorance have been subjected to their most concentrated attack in history. Indians have been freed from humiliating laws that point to them as second-class citizens. Best of all, their own creative self-help potentialities have been powerfully stimulated.

"No longer is our problem prodding Indians to get going," confides a veteran Indian Bureau official. "It's trying to keep up with them."

Born in Alabama 61 years ago, Emmons got out of the army in 1919 and headed for Gallup and a job as a bank clerk. Gallup was a coal-mining town with hitching posts in front of the saloons. Indians and their squaws thronged the streets on Saturdays.

Many old Indian warriors still bitterly recalled the Navajos' terrible forced march into exile with Kit Carson. Until the Yankees came along, the Navajos had been a proud and powerful tribe. Now despised, they were discouraged, ragged, and dirty, and some drank themselves petrified to forget. But Emmons saw they were just ordinary people in trouble, and his heart went out to them.

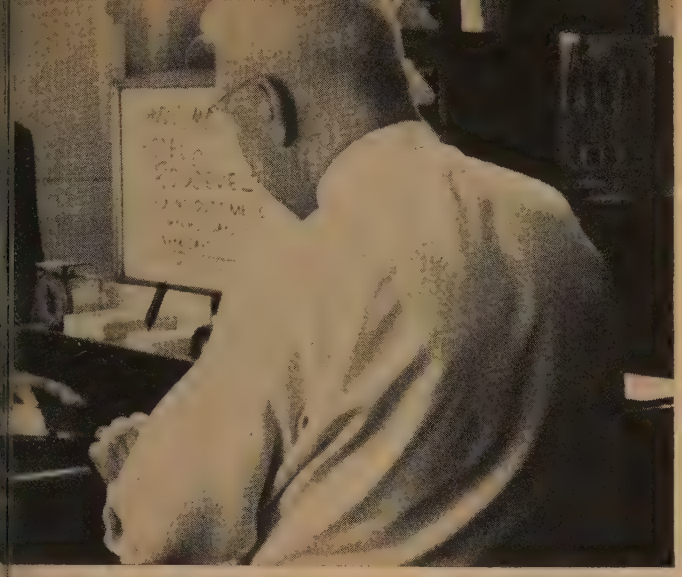
Incensed that Indians, forbidden by law to mortgage their land, could not borrow money except at scandalous rates from professional moneylenders, he and a brother, who had built up a little bank of their own on borrowed money, experimented by making character loans to Indians. Sometimes Emmons struck out the bank's name on the note, substituting his own and advancing personal funds. He counted on the Navajos' natural thrift and skill as livestock men, and the Indians kept faith with him.

Emmons was one of the Southwestern leaders who joined behind the Indians' right to vote, which led, in 1948, to court decrees that Indians were being deprived of their citizenship rights by party machines in Arizona and New Mexico. And in 1952 Emmons urged Eisenhower to come to the Gallup Indian Ceremonial. There, at the big festival of Indian tribes from all areas of the country, Eisenhower signalized the political maturity of Indians by including them in his program, to bring them into the mainstream of American life.

After the election, the Navajo tribal council sent emissaries to Washington to urge Emmons' appointment as commissioner. The President waited until more than 150 tribes had had a chance to express themselves on this issue. Then in July, 1953, he named Emmons as the preference of the elected tribal leaderships and promptly sent the new commissioner on a two-month tour of Indian reservations throughout the West.

When Emmons returned to Washington, he was the best-informed commissioner since the job was created in 1824. He reported that "Indians want what other Americans want—help in overcoming ignorance, poverty, and disease, of which they have more than their share." He pointed out that Indian infant mortality was nearly three times as high as for the rest of the country, and tuberculosis mortality five times as high. Indians suffered eight times as much infectious hepatitis, 10 times as much dysentery.

Despite solemn treaty promises, we had failed to provide Indians with even minimum education. Some 20,000 children of school age hadn't been in a classroom; many times that many adults were unprepared to earn a living. As recently as the 1940s government policy strove to isolate the Indians on the reservations, on the theory that they were incapable of competing or even protecting themselves against modern American society. And so on the 54 million reservation acres, some of it so arid that it took 160 acres to provide forage for one horse, were crowded some 250,000 to 300,000 Indians. Furthermore, a high birth rate which even now is expected to double the Indian population in the next 21 years meant that every year the Indian standard of living, already abysmally low, would decline considerably.



One of many Indian families being relocated arrives in a Midwest city. Last year, 8,000 Indians moved for better jobs.

In a move which Emmons approved, Congress cleared away an underbrush of archaic Indian law. It was ridiculous that in 1953 the Indians were denied the elementary right to own firearms. It was a federal offense to sell liquor to Indians —a law that served to emphasize the alleged inferiority of Indians and was flagrantly disobeyed. Now, local option determines if there's to be prohibition and the Indian tribes, using their own police forces, courts, and jails, bear down on Indian drunkenness more effectively than the white man ever could.

Emmons succeeded in getting the U. S. Public Health Service to take over full responsibility for Indian health. Health cycles ordinarily respond slowly. But already this move, which led to an 87 per cent increase in the number of sanitarians working among Indians, has caused such indices as tuberculosis deaths to decline markedly.

In education Emmons started a crash program aimed at getting 100 per cent of the school-age children into classes. On the Navajo reservation, he speeded up the conversion of infrequently attended day schools into boarding schools, so that children would attend classes regularly. And one-room trailer schools were spotted over the reservation to test new school locations.

In a daring move, Emmons asked the cities of New Mexico, Arizona, and Utah to admit Navajo children to their public schools. Back came the reply: "Sorry. No funds."

"Okay," said Emmons. "If we get you federal money to build extra classrooms, put up Indian dormitories, and pay tuition, then will you take our children?"

Public opinion was on the spot. Racial prejudice long had been camouflaged by the practical argument that since Indian-reservation property is exempt from local taxation, it would be unfair to taxpayers to extend public services to Indians. Now this excuse wouldn't do, and after much public discussion Gallup and Aztec, N. M., and Holbrook, Winslow, and Snowflake, Ariz., agreed. A sixth town, Richfield, Utah, agreed to participate on a year-to-year basis with a limited number of Indian pupils.

Today, after only two years in operation, the public-school project has 1400 Indian pupils and is the pride of the whole area. Of the 126 enrolled in Richfield, 86 made three grades in two years, eight made four grades in two years. Only one has failed.

Community attitude? Congressman H. A. Dixon of Utah reports that Indian children have been welcomed into Scouting; the Rotary Club has a standing committee in their behalf. The churches have given big dinners for them, and every single Indian child was invited into a Richfield home for Thanksgiving and Christmas dinners. Best of all, 14 Indian children have been placed in foster homes in the community.

In these schools, young Indian lives that would otherwise be wasted are being made meaningful and productive. I recently spent a day at the Intermountain School at Brigham City, Utah, where 2,300 teen-agers are getting accelerated academic, combined with vocational, training. "We're doing a strictly profitable salvage job on these deserving youngsters," Superintendent George A. Boyce told me. "Forget, if you want to, that they deserve this. Remember that if we weren't helping them, they would be on the taxpayers' backs for 50 years."

Boyce told me there is apparently a spontaneous movement among Indians toward Christianity. "It used to be that hardly any child came to us with a church affiliation or preference stated by the parents. Now hardly one comes without."

Intermountain has graduated a total of 518 boys and girls. Seventy-seven per cent are holding down jobs, most of these off the reservations. The others are in service, or

Better schools are giving young Indians their first real chance at education.

taking further education. Unemployment is an unbelievably low 3 per cent. Typical graduates include a $297-a-month railroad-shop carpenter, a $258 sheet-metal worker, a $232 brick tender for an Ogden, Utah, construction firm; two $360 bricklayers in Denver; a $208 body-fender man for the Ford assembly plant in San Jose, Calif. Other young men are in the army, air force, and paratroopers here and abroad.

Girl graduates go into domestic service, nursing, waiting tables, working in laundries, and clerking in stores—where there is work to be done. "They don't mind starting out humbly," says Boyce. "But get their foot on the first rung of the ladder and up they go under their own power."

Last fall an adult-education program stressing courses in English was launched among the Florida Seminoles, Arizona Papagos, South Dakota Sioux, North Dakota Chippewas, and Idaho Shoshones. "Thousands of people on reservations today are separated from the modern world by a language barrier," says Emmons. "No wonder they have such difficulty earning a living."

There's already proof that maturer Indians are employable, given a knowledge of English. During 1956 some 8,000 Indians, singly and in family groups, migrated from reservations to Chicago, Denver, Los Angeles, and other cities, where the Indian Bureau has job-placement offices. Some were middle-aged, some had never seen a telephone or a streetcar. Yet Bureau officials estimate that these newly transplanted Indians pay an average of $210 a year in income taxes—ceasing to be dependents of the United States and becoming co-supporters.

There is a significant movement of industry to the reservations, with the Indian Bureau helping tribes get in touch with companies seeking new plant sites. Currently, Indians are working in electronics-assembly plants in Wisconsin and footwear factories in North Carolina. A West Coast furniture company has started a new factory in Gallup and has contracted to use Indians for supervisory as well as bench jobs.

Today we see the reservation Indian moving eagerly, confidently, into our society. Johnny Begay is not one little Indian boy—he is thousands. In three years the Navajos, largest and till recently the most backward tribe, have raised their primary and secondary enrollment from 14,000 to 26,000.

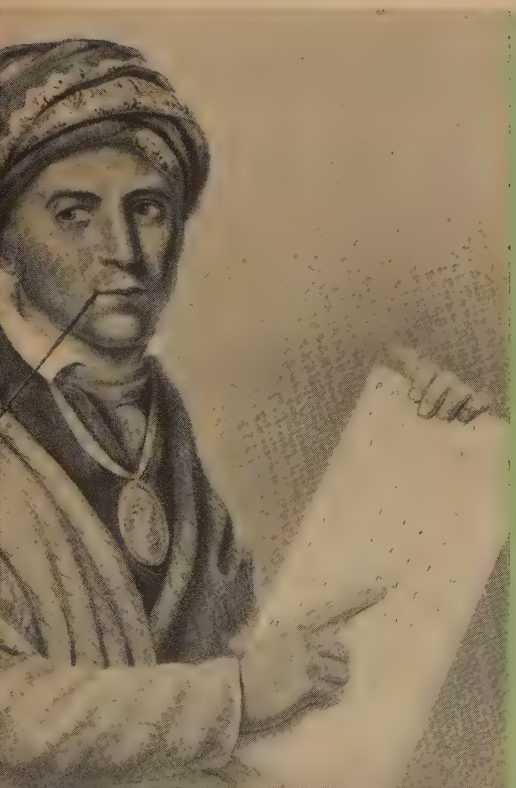
A few years ago you could count on one hand the Navajos getting higher education. This year 250 are enrolled in colleges, medical schools, nursing centers, and business schools. Of these, 99 have full scholarships from the tribal council, which not only pays tuition and board but sees to it that Navajo students have as much spending money as other college youth.

There is a new-found pride in personal appearance and grooming. On a recent trip to the Navajo country I marveled at not seeing even one unkempt or shabbily attired pupil. "There's a reason," said Wade Head, Indian Bureau regional director. "The tribe appropriated $400,000 of their own money to buy clothes for any child needing them." They specified there was to be no institutional garb, but attractive individual clothing.

All this is only an outward sign of an inward change. As wards and dependents of the federal government, the reservation Indians naturally were suspicious, resentful, and often demanding. Today they have something to *give*. Recently a Navajo girl graduated from an Eastern college and was offered a position teaching back East. Having held a scholarship awarded by her tribal council, she had a moral obligation to return to teach on the reservation.

She took her problem to Paul Jones, the wise chief of the Navajos.

"Accept the offer," he told her. "Those people back East have been sending us teachers and doctors and nurses for a long time. I reckon the time has come for us to begin returning the favor."



SO HIS PEOPLE COULD UNDERSTAND . . .

EARLY Methodist missionaries owed a great debt to Sequoya, genius of the Cherokee tribe who invented an alphabet for his people. Before Sequoya, it had been almost impossible to teach the Indians of the southern Appalachians to read or write in English.

Sequoya worked on his alphabet for 12 years, introducing it in 1821. It contained 76 strange characters, each representing a syllable. Within a few months almost every Cherokee had learned to read and write. Schools and churches flourished. The Bible and other books were translated into Cherokee. Soon there were nearly 1,000 conversions to Christianity.

After more than 135 years, the Methodist missionary program continues among the Cherokee Indians. In western North Carolina, hundreds of these proud and noble Americans worship in the Cherokee Methodist Center, a beautiful structure of native stone. In a way, this mission could be a monument to Sequoya, who made it possible for his ancestors to read the Word of God in their own language.

Skies are gray but hearts are sunny as a steady stream of refugees enters Camp Kilmer's gates.

Help & Hope for Hungarian Refugees

BEHIND them: terror, barbarism, fear. Ahead: the bright promise of a new start in a free nation.

These are the Hungarian refugees. Many fought for their freedom with little but bare flesh and pitifully puny weapons against the Red Army's mechanized might. All have known the oppression of godless communism —and all have chosen to flee, risking death if discovered.

Emergency aid extended by Methodists in Vienna was pictured on page 70 of last month's TOGETHER. Here in color is a camera record of Hungarian refugees funneling through Camp Kilmer, N.J. From here they go to new homes across the U.S.A.

Most Hungarians are Catholics. Estimates vary but it is believed about 25 per cent — some 2,500,000 — are Protestant. Largest is the Reformed church; others include the Lutheran, Baptist, Presbyterian, Friends, and Methodist.

Protestant churches are working through the Church World Service of the World Council of Churches to speed admission of uprooted families. Associated with it is MCOR—Methodist Committee for Overseas Relief, 150 Fifth Ave., New York City. It is locating sponsors for refugees, helping settle them in new homes and jobs.

Artists and laborers, engineers and housewives, bakers

Some (left) are met by their sponsors. Were newcomers happy? Just look above.

Margit and Karoly Viszmegh—engineer and mezzo soprano—are interviewed by vocational-guidance expert.

Freed from prison by patriots, Father Hegumen, a Greek Orthodox priest, reached the border, 95 miles away, in jail garb he shows to Mrs. Elise Tsomaia, MCOR interpreter and receptionist. Mrs. Tsomaia, a DP from Russian Georgia, speaks five languages.

and factory hands are being carefully screened for security reasons; then each is interviewed, in Hungarian, to determine the jobs he or she can do in their new homeland.

On these pages, you are meeting a typical cross section of the men, women, and children who are arriving daily by plane or ship from the turmoil of Eastern Europe. Through the camera's eye, you see them taking their first faltering steps in their chosen homeland.

These are the newest Americans-in-the-making. They lost a battle—but they won new freedom for themselves and the world's admiration.

In the barracks: Freedom fighters enjoy three new luxuries: clean clothes, light reading—and their first laugh in weeks.

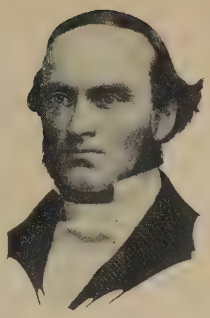
Young men such as these led the revolt. But now they can relax, in Kilmer, during processing.

From clothing given by Americans, refugees pick their sizes. An unspoken rule: take only what you need.

In tragic exodus, hundreds of children were separated from parents. But this boy and his mother escaped together. Here he enjoys his first taste of American food, cooked by Army chefs at the camp.

Cossack hats, high boots, heavy suits—these children were ready for winter's worst when they escaped.

Plenty of gloves to choose from—and luckily a new pair that just fits this little girl.



William H. Taylor, Methodist bishop who sent eucalyptus seeds from Australia.

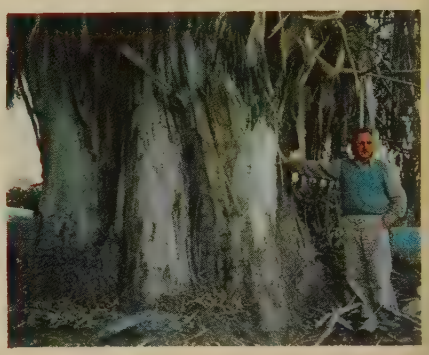
Imported Beauty for California Hills

TOURISTS in California take for granted the eucalyptus trees that line highways, crown barren hills, and push tall green fingers up through desert sand. But few Californians had seen a eucalyptus when William H. Taylor, a fresh-faced young Virginian, arrived there in 1849.

The gold rush was at fever pitch when Taylor's ship entered the Golden Gate and docked at San Francisco. Taylor hadn't come for nuggets—he sought the men looking for them. A powerful street and mining-camp preacher, he could quiet a mob or convert a rough miner with equal ease. He was to become one of the most successful evangelists Methodism ever produced.

But Bishop Taylor left his mark in still another way. In 1863 he visited Australia while on a world-wide evangelism tour. There was a gold rush going on in Australia, too, but once again Taylor's mission was the saving of souls. And of more interest to him than gold were the millions of eucalyptus trees growing "down under." Their lush leaves reminded him of the pleasant greenery he had known as a boy along the Atlantic seacoast. He believed this rugged, fast-growing, drought-resisting tree could add the same touch of

Most widely planted eucalyptus in California is the blue gum. Note feathery blooms, the odd buds, long lance-like leaves.



This hardy import, the Manna Gum, grows to a great size in California's favorable clime.

beauty to the bare, brown hills and valleys of California.

Taylor sent a batch of blue-gum eucalyptus seeds to his wife in California. She planted them in an improvised greenhouse and, for the next 10 years, gave away or sold thousands of the seedlings. While the Taylors were not the first to import eucalyptus seeds, they were apparently the first to distribute the seedlings on a large scale.

The California climate was made to order for the eucalyptus. Today these lofty trees line highways and side roads of the Golden State. They flourish in thick groves or advance in long lines to hold back the killing winds that menace the citrus orchards. During the winter months the eucalyptus trees blaze with crimson and yellow blooms, adding a riot of color to the landscape. About 80 per cent of California's eucalyptus are blue gum. But there are several hundred types now flourishing throughout the world.

The trees have towering slender trunks with no branches or leaves for more than half their height. The leaves of some varieties are narrow and may hang straight down. All are evergreens which shed their bark instead of their leaves in winter.

Long ago, Californians saw the eucalyptus as the answer to just about every need. Promoters declared the trees were excellent for firewood and shipbuilding; that eucalyptus tea and inhalants could cure or soothe almost everything. Just plant a eucalyptus tree, the promoters said, and sit back and watch it grow rapidly into a fortune!

"Pour your surplus into eucalyptus," a typical advertisement proclaimed, "and after 10 years you can live on the income the rest of your life. When you are gone, your children and your children's children will perpetually reap the same large profits . . ."

This was the great promise. Hundreds of thousands of acres were put into seedlings as the boom continued. But by 1912, it became apparent that the eucalyptus

The spreading green branches of a eucalyptus (the red flowering gum) throw dense shade across a lawn at a street corner in Berkeley, California.

When in full bloom, the individual flowers of the red gum form a crimson mass.

trees grown here couldn't compete commercially with native American hardwoods. So only a small part of the great eucalyptus plantations survive today. But people continue to plant eucalyptus in California, Arizona, and New Mexico because, for many, they are things of beauty.

The eucalyptus episode in California was only incidental in the lifetime of Christian service rendered by Bishop William Taylor. He preached to teeming multitudes in India and South America. And he became the bishop of Africa, penetrating the Dark Continent when it was largely unexplored by the white man, founding missions, preaching, facing danger with confidence. His accomplishments in missionary evangelism became almost legendary during his own lifetime.

An individualist, Taylor had been the second Methodist missionary to California, following Isaac Owen of Indiana. He purchased a church and shipped it by way of Cape Horn to San Francisco. Taylor achieved fame, not in a church but as a street preacher, preaching for seven years in San Francisco. He became personally responsible for the debts of a church that had burned, spent several years "evangelizing" through the eastern states and Canada to pay off the debt. Then he began an extensive foreign tour, visiting Australia, Tasmania, Africa, Ceylon, and India. He founded several self-supporting missions in India and Chile before the General Conference of 1884 made him missionary bishop for Africa.

Bishop Taylor died in 1902. He devoted the last years of his life to writing. Dedicating one of his books, *The Story of My Life,* in 1898, he compared the spread of Christianity to the eucalyptus tree, which even then was transforming the California landscape.

"My special work for edifying and energizing the hosts of God's elect in climes remote, and for the birth and development of churches in purely mission fields, is the work of God," he wrote. "It abides and spreads out like . . . the eucalyptus trees of California."

This lean-limbed eucalyptus enhances the beauty of the Golden Gate. It is within sight of Bishop Taylor's grave at Oakland.

An antique car put-puts along a lane flanked by orange trees and towering eucalypti.

Spring in California! Most eucalyptus varieties do well if temperatures don't sag below 22 degrees and rainfall is fairly constant.

WHERE REAL *Charity* BEGINS

By Margaret Blair Johnstone

NOTHING so educates us as a shock," Will Durant once said, and I certainly found this true the morning our 12-year-old son taught me something new about *charity*.

I had long known, of course, that our modern concept of charity as handouts does not reflect what Paul meant to be the key word of his letter to his church folk at Corinth (I Cor. 13:13). Neither is *love* adequate; nor is *agape* which is the correct word—the one the Greeks had for it.

What could possibly mean less to more people than this: "So faith, hope, *agape* abide, these three; but the greatest of these is *agape*"? It helps little to explain that *agape* means the "Christian love of all men as brothers because they are sons of God."

What, then, did Paul really mean?

Blair, our son, gave me the clue that morning, right in the middle of breakfast. We like griddlecakes only when they are piping hot. So, as I've done for years, I was baking and serving them in batches which the family divided at the table. Suddenly into the kitchen burst Blair.

"Let me do some," he blurted.

"Oh, no," I said. "You go back so I can get them to you hot."

"Jeepers!" said he. "Do you have to hog *all* the blessings?"

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"Well, in church you're forever saying it's 'more blessed to give than receive.' But when it comes to pancakes and stuff you won't let us do anything *but* receive. Do grown-ups have to pick up the tab on everything? For once, let *me* give you a batch hot off the griddle!"

I sat down with the rest of the family. Then I saw with what pride and delight Blair baked and served those pancakes, and I began asking myself what other blessings I had been "hogging." Suddenly I realized that charity really isn't a handout; it's more of a mind-out, and a heart-out. Charity is actually caring as much for the full welfare and happiness of the other person as you care for your own.

How many times daily do we deprive others of real joy by some form of unconscious check-grabbing? Do we always pick up the tab? Physically, mentally, emotionally, spiritually do we keep life's full blessings *from* others by over-indulging *our* do-it-all urge?

If so, we are robbing not only them but ourselves. Sir Thomas Browne once put it well:

> How shall we expect charity toward others when we are uncharitable to ourselves? *Charity begins at home* is the voice of the world. Yet is every man his greatest enemy, and, as it were, his own executioner.

We can kill the charity in our

The author, with her family, at home in Groton, Mass. She attended Albion College, now is a Christian-Congregational pastor.

hearts by ill-timed words. It's that common but impish impulse always to pick up the tab *verbally*. "If I speak in the tongues of men and of angels," Paul said, "but have not love I am a noisy gong or a clanging cymbal." Who hasn't thoughtlessly violated common rules of courtesy by breaking into conversations or raising the voice in arguments or beating down others with sarcasm!

"Ninety per cent of the friction of daily life is caused by tone of voice," Arnold Bennett once said. Certainly we find proof of it in carping criticism, snide sneers, and the daily marathon many of us run through our groans and gripes. And some of the noisiest gongs and cymbals are those that sound forth with vague promises or flattery.

Once in a roadside diner en route to New York City, I overheard the manager glowingly describe a job to a prospective waitress. "We're just one big happy family here," he was saying—but the waitress serving me snapped in a tart undertone, "Oh, yeah?"

When I stopped at that diner months later, I was surprised to see the girls smiling and acting as if they enjoyed serving the food. Everything seemed different.

"New manager?" I asked my former waitress.

"No," said she, "just a new chef."

I was still wondering what she meant when I noticed the glass case which contained the desserts. Across the rice pudding in cinnamon-sugar was lettered the name: Marie.

"Louie did it," said the waitress. "He's the new chef. He writes a different girl's name on the pudding every day. He's always doing things like that. And you know what? We just let him yak it!" She jerked her thumb toward the manager's office. "But so long as Louie's here we all seem to act it—I mean that stuff about being one big happy family."

Louie had caught the truth voiced by Goethe, who said, "The highest cannot be spoken; it must be acted." Certainly this applies not only when we mistake empty words for real charity, but also to those times when our *know-it-all* urge blocks us from genuine concern for others.

"Love is patient and kind," wrote Paul to his friends at Corinth, ". . . it is not arrogant or rude." Yet how many times a little knowledge keeps us from this insight. T. S. Eliot had this in mind when he wrote:

Where is the life we have lost in living?
Where is the wisdom we have lost in knowledge?
Where is the knowledge we have lost in information?

How arrogance can rob us and others of real happiness was told me by an eminent surgeon. As consultant on a brain operation he had stood by while a child's life was saved. The next day the child's mother, who had insisted on seeing him in person, held out to him a small homemade cloth purse.

"I'm sorry," said he brusquely. "My secretary will tell you the amount of my fee, and I really would have no use for this."

The woman fingered her purse a moment, then quietly asked what his fee was.

"Two hundred dollars. After all, I. . . ."

But the woman counted out two of the five 100-dollar bills in her purse, laid them on his desk, and left.

"There was a time," the surgeon told me wryly, "when I was too big for my britches."

Sometimes we block charity by a have-it-all attitude on *faith*. We forget, as Paul said, "if I have all faith so as to remove mountains, but have not love, I am nothing." Paul's wisdom is reflected in the dictionary definition of charity as "lenience in judging men and their actions."

There was need for it that day a minister stood up in his pulpit and resigned his pastorate because, he declared, he no longer had faith.

"There is no God," he declared. "Nothing makes sense. I cannot go on one more day mouthing what I cannot believe."

What would you have done had you been a member of that church? I can tell you what that congregation *did*. They gave George Matheson a leave of absence on full pay which they promised to extend indefinitely. They told him to go off by himself and give his heartbreak time to heal—the heartbreak caused when his fiancée decided she could not marry a minister who was going blind.

George Matheson took his leave of absence and went off. He went off into the hell of his own wilderness of bitterness and questioning until he found he *did* have faith—faith not only to preach but to write a hymn like:

O Love, that wilt not let me go,
I rest my weary soul in thee.

We must go beyond the do-it-all, say-it-all, know-it-all, have-it-all urges, however, if we are to discover where real charity begins. Paul charted the way to it in what I think of as his most profound statement about Christian love: "If I give away all I have, and if I deliver my body to be burned, but have not love, I am nothing."

What he meant was illustrated by an incident in our church nursery one day when a new child came without lunch. The teacher suggested that the other children share. Shirley, age four, did. Later, when all of the children were sitting in a circle, up popped Shirley.

"I shared my lunch," said she, "I feel so good in my little heart."

Tommy, who was not quite three, then jumped to his feet. "I did *not* share my lunch," he announced, "so I feel good in my little tummy!"

Few adults appraise either child's reaction accurately. Some commend Shirley; most are secretly delighted with Tom. Actually, both children reacted normally for their own age levels. Four-year-olds get their greatest satisfaction out of behavior which brings adult approval. Three-year-olds are individualists with little appreciation for "thine and mine." It's a propensity, so the psychologists say, not entirely outgrown by adults.

We can hope both Shirley and Tommy will grow into the awareness which will help them learn, as did a young nurse whom I know, exactly where real charity and happiness begin. She was working on the accident ward of a large hospital when a visitor stopped to watch her care for a bed-ridden patient.

"What loathsome things you girls have to do," exclaimed the stranger. "Why, I wouldn't do that sort of thing for a million dollars!"

"That's not strange," the nurse instantly replied. "Neither would I!"

TEENS TOGETHER

with an ex-teen-ager

The Barbour family: Ellen, Mary, Linda, Richmond, J. Artha, and Dr. "Dick."

by "Dick" Richmond Barbour, Ph.D.

Q *I'm a girl of 16. My trouble is that I love a member of another race. He is 19. He is everything to me, simply everything. My mother and father will not consent to our marriage. His parents object to it, too. Our minister urges us to wait. My girl friends are shocked. They'll hardly speak to me. Please, can you help us? Or are you intolerant, too?—Sally.*

A Sally, I feel as your minister does. Better wait. There is no way for you to tell whether your love will last. It could vanish overnight. I've watched many interracial marriages. Our culture is not ready to approve them. The odds are greatly against happiness. Frequently fine people become bitter. Hatred replaces love. Neurotic breakdowns are common. Divorce and desertion occur. The children are isolated and mistreated, and are apt to become delinquent.

My advice may sound like bigotry to you. But I assure you it is not based on the idea that one race is superior to another. I know better than that. My advice is based on the harsh experience girls and boys have had when they have done what the two of you want to do.

I advise you to wait. Wait, Sally, wait.

Q *I'm secretary of our Hi-Y club. All of us in the club had our hair cut Presley-style. Our principal didn't like it. He said we must either get sensible haircuts or be kicked out of school. So we got new haircuts. Was that fair of him?—T. M.*

A I sympathize with your principal. I know that fads can be a great nuisance in high school. So I don't question his fairness. In my work I always try to avoid open controversies over such things as haircuts and clothes. I know that boys enjoy odd haircuts. They always have.

School leaders can force boys to be conservative. Sometimes they have to. But usually haircuts are not worth struggling over. Odd haircuts come, and odd haircuts go. Other things seem to me to be more important.

Q *I was 13 yesterday. There is a boy I like very much. He is in my grade at school. My girl-friend likes him, too. He says he'll go steady with both of us. My daddy thinks that would be okay. He says it would be odd, but that he can trust us. My girl-friend's father thinks going steady as a threesome would be terrible. He's against going steady at all. What do you think?—B. B.*

A My reply depends on what you mean by "going steady." If you mean what older teen-agers mean, I think it would be a mistake. Most girls of 13 aren't ready for the constant companionship and emotional involvement of going steady. Having a threesome instead of a twosome might complicate things all the more. Have fun talking with the boy during your free time at school. Dance with him at parties. But don't go steady. Be friendly to other nice boys. You'll like them, too.

Q *What can I do with old-fashioned parents? Mine insist that I cut my phone conversations to ten minutes. My father is a minister. He reminds me that church people want to talk with him. I am 14. There are two other boys in the family. You should hear us argue about the phone! Did your dad limit you when you were a boy?—Eddie.*

A Eddie, I know exactly how you feel. My father was a doctor. He limited his children to five-minute phone conversations. We argued too. Fruitlessly, I might add. Could you get a part-time job? Or maybe a paper route? Then you might earn enough money to install your own phone. Or perhaps you and your brothers could pool your money to get one. A good many young folk are finding that paying for their own phone is the best solution.

Q *I'm a girl of 15. I'll be 16 in two months. Our church is a large one. I know many nice boys my parents don't know. My mother and father won't let me go steady with any boy. And when boys they haven't met ask me for single dates, they make me say no.*

I'm the only girl I know who is treated this way. Aren't my parents too cautious?—Mary.

A Yours is an age-old conflict, Mary. You know you are growing up. You trust your own judgment. You want what seems to you to be normal freedom to choose your dates. Your parents think of you as a child. They love you. They want to keep you from making mistakes.

This clash occurs sooner or later in almost every good home in America. Try not to fight with your parents over it. Try not to argue. Instead, ask your parents to talk about you with school counselors and your church

The Wicked Flea

"Sour godliness is the devil's religion"
— JOHN WESLEY

A five-year-old lad wound up his evening prayer with the earnestly spoken words, "And there you have it, God. Glad we could get together."
—ETTA H. MARKELL, *Grantville, Kan.*

A small boy was telling his little brother about different coins. He held up a dime. "This is worth ten cents," he explained. "It will buy two candy bars. This nickel is worth five cents and will buy only one candy bar."

"What's that?" inquired the little boy, pointing to a third coin.

"It's a penny," his instructor told him, "not good for anything but Sunday school."
—HAZEL FERN HOWARD, *Sacramento, Calif.*

When a devout old lady died, friends requested that her tombstone be inscribed, "O Lord, she was thine." Viewing the finished monument, they were horrified to read, cut into the stone, "O Lord, she was thin."
—MRS. S. B. HALSTEAD, *Cooperstown, N. Y.*

Mrs. Jones was an incurable grumbler. Nothing pleased her. Last fall she had an excellent apple crop, so her pastor decided he had at last found something she could not complain about.

"Well, Sister Jones," he exclaimed, "I know you are happy about that fine crop of apples!"

"I guess the apples will do," she admitted reluctantly, "but where are the rotten ones for the pigs?"
—MRS. BEATRICE LOSER, *Bloomington, Ill.*

Our three-year-old had received her first batch of modeling clay. I showed her how to play with it, and made samples of various simple shapes—a ball, a ring, a triangle—then went about my work.

But our good Methodist daughter felt there was one shape I had not demonstrated. She came into the kitchen bearing a wad of clay.

"Please, Mommy," she asked, "make an Official Board."
—MRS. LYLE WILLIAMS, *Minneapolis, Minn.*

What's your favorite church-related chuckle? Send it in. If we share it here, we'll send you a $5 check.—EDS.

leaders. Have them get other people's opinions concerning your judgment. Also ask them to talk with the parents of your girl friends. Get them to check the rules they make you follow against the rules the other well-brought-up girls follow. Then they can decide whether or not they've been too cautious. Chances are they'll decide your way.

Q *My trouble is my mom. I'm a boy, 13. I have my pride. I want to bring my friends to my home. When I do, my mother embarrasses me. Usually we find her wearing her old housecoat. Her hair hangs down her back. She doesn't bother to comb it. She uses make-up only at night. She looks sloppy. Don't misunderstand me; she's the best mother on earth. I love her. But I wish she'd be more careful! How can I persuade her?—Ron.*

A Would your father understand if you talked with him? Perhaps he could help your mother to be more careful, without hurting her feelings seriously. Or do you have an older sister or brother who could help you? Does your mother have nice housedresses she could wear? Maybe you could take her to a store, and help her get some. Is she well? Or does she have health problems which explain her carelessness? Perhaps your doctor could advise her.

If nothing else works, come right out and tell her what you want. She'll feel bad. However, she will respond. Young people often don't realize it, but most parents want to be the kind of folk their teen-agers will be proud of. Health problems, money, job requirements, personal standards, and other factors may prevent parents from doing as they wish. But the desire is there. Your mother will want to please you. You can count on that, Ron.

Q *Can a father ask a question? I have a son, 15. We disagree too much. He is the most cantankerous mortal I've ever known. Is there a book or something I could get for him? Maybe there's a book for me?—Mr. W.*

A There are many books. For teen-agers one of the best is *How To Be A Successful Teen-ager,* by Dr. Menninger and others (Sterling Publishing Co., New York). For men like yourself, Dr. Gallagher's *Understanding Your Son's Adolescence* is good (Little, Brown & Co., Boston). Get both books. Then the two of you might compare notes.

Q *I'm a boy, a "preacher's kid." I am 15. I've had the same girl friend for some time. Occasionally a boy I know tells me about something my girl has done that is wrong. Her mistakes are only little ones. When we are together, she is all anybody would want. How can I judge her? Should I keep going with her?—D. H.*

A Is the friend who has talked about her reliable? Or is he a typical gossiping troublemaker? Some people like to break up friendships. They are ghoulish that way. If you have serious questions, talk with your girl about them. Be fair to her. Judge her on what you see and what you know to be true. Not on hearsay.

Q *I'm a girl of 18. I have a younger sister, 14. We have troubles. My sister is one of the rudest people on earth. She is very critical. She doesn't help with the housework. She gets good grades in school, though I don't know how. She has many friends. It's a mystery to me what they see in her. I've been telling my father he should spank my sister. I believe she would be more polite if she were punished real hard. My father refuses. Is he right? Or am I?—Yvette.*

A Your dad is right, Yvette. Your sister is too old for spanking. Quarrels between older and younger sisters are inevitable. Possibly you are too critical of each other. I suggest that you stay away from her as much as you can. Try not to say things which will cause trouble. Try to show your love instead of your hatred. Praise the good things she does. You are 18. You are more grown-up than she is. Try not to compete on her level. Good luck!

TEEN-AGERS: *Would you like Dr. Barbour to help you with your problems? He's an authority on young people's affairs—a Ph.D. and head of the San Diego public-school system's counseling department. Write Dr. Richmond Barbour, c/o* TOGETHER, *740 Rush St., Chicago 11, Ill.*—EDS.

How to Get a Good Night's Sleep

By OREN ARNOLD

APPROXIMATELY 100 million Americans didn't sleep well last night. If you are reading here at all, you probably are among this enlightened majority; for, oddly enough, it's the intelligent adults who suffer most. We toss, flop, turn over, twitch, beat pillows, disturb our mates, stare into darkness, when we should be quietly storing up new energies for the morrow.

Why do we? We have asked that for years, often in exasperation.

Science now has some accurate answers and—better still—has some helpful recommendations. The first answer may surprise you, and may even make you indignant. *About 80 per cent of all our sleeplessness is due to worry caused directly or indirectly by financial matters.*

Oh, we seldom admit this, even to ourselves.

"I have no money worries," you may growl.

Are you sure? Let's say you are a business success, live in luxury, head your corporation, and even now are about to close a big deal to net another $40,000 for yourself. *About to close a big deal.* Your present-day psychiatrist or psychologist will put his finger right on that sensitive spot. Subconsciously, you desperately want to put over that deal whether you actually need to or not. So your mind stays awhirl—night and day—until it's settled.

You wives may attach more importance than you realize to the cost of groceries, of clothing, of doctor bills. In college, even on a generous budget, you may unwittingly fret about your level of living. The stimuli are endless, and often unrecognized.

Worry is not necessarily synonymous with danger. It can be healthy concern overdone. It can be apprehension about loss of pride, face saving, disappointment, chagrin, embarrassment. It is not necessarily a moral issue, though "the love of money is the root of all evil" has basis in sound, psychological, sleep-stealing fact.

In our compulsion to find a scapegoat we tend to blame the noisy people next door, the cheese we ate at supper, the coffee, the heavy dessert, this and that. Or we often focus on the boss, though he simply personifies our money fear. The kidneys, the toothache, the mattress, and the weather are commonly mentioned.

All these do have their effect as temporary causes. They can rightly be blamed for about 10 per cent of all our sleeplessness. The remaining 10 per cent is now attributed to marital trouble—sexual incompatibility, personality clashes, general emotional immaturities.

Most children and young people sleep well. Most older ones don't. Around middle age we tend to get sleepy earlier and then wake up earlier. This can be maddening or, at best, inconvenient. The grannie or grandpop who gets up at 5 A.M., has nothing to do except putter, then grouches at younger folk for being "lazy" when they arise at 7, is a picture more accurate than amusing. But our scientists now understand some of the reasons.

"Youth has many exciting stimuli," one distinguished physician explains, "whereas middle age has relatively few. So the oldsters get droopy-eyed and gradually start going to bed early. Part of that is glandular—youth has a sex drive that keeps it stirring. In middle age, this edges off. Meanwhile the brain and the blood vessels undergo changes that also slow us down."

There is a strong psychological factor, too. Middle age has long been conditioned by economic necessity. For years we have had to get up and get to work, and the habit lingers in our minds long after we can afford to retire, unless we emphatically force it out. It can nudge us awake for years, unnecessarily, though.

Much reliance is placed, nowadays, on sleeping pills. Americans bought over $58 million worth in 1955. We are still learning the hard way that barbituates are habit forming and dangerous. But now there's good news: In the past months a new and "harmless" sleep drug has hit the market under at least six competitive formulas and names. It is not habit forming, in the sense that it causes a body-destroying addiction. Hence it is priceless where a drug must be prescribed. However, even it can enslave you by

creating a psychological dependency on it.

No pill or other drug is ever likely to be a perfect answer. All fail because they do not eliminate the *cause* of sleeplessness. They are mere deadeners or resters to be used temporarily, and always under a doctor's guidance.

Similarly, no tricks or devices are guaranteed to induce sleep, though each of us develops a set. One president of the United States, Woodrow Wilson, read mystery stories. A world-famous industrialist, John C. Lincoln who founded Lincoln Electric, drinks a glass of goat's milk at bedtime. These are evasive stunts at best, with no guarantees. But if you have no extreme problem and truly want to get a good sleep every night, you can learn to do so. Here are some scientifically tested suggestions to help you:

1. *Re-orient your thinking.* Have you financial worries, direct or indirect? (Be sure, now; probe deeply!) Work to correct them. Having quarrels, guilty feelings, strained relations in the home? Get the air cleared at once in forthright manner. These improvements may require that you and your mate completely change your pattern of living—that you set new goals for yourselves.

If you are a middle-aged early riser, force some new evening interests to replace the waning natural stimuli. Square dancing has rejuvenated many a 40-year-old couple. Music is a new horizon for millions. Bridge, painting, handcrafts, drama studies, welfare work, spectator sports, almost anything can be used to generate enthusiasm.

2. *Immediately, this very night and every night hereafter, when you have insomnia, shrug your shoulders and say, "So what? I'm awake, and what of it? No harm will result."*

You will have spoken the truth. The main function of sleep is to get us in a horizontal position to lower our blood pressure and slow down the heartbeat. We'd get 80 per cent of this rest if we never lost consciousness.

Turn on a bed lamp and read. The Bible, especially the four Gospels, is often recommended. The richest man I know, Frank Sharp, a multi-millionaire Texan who is currently building the world's largest subdivision for middle-class homes, loses the strain of his work each night by reading and meditating on the works of Paul. "After that it would take an earthquake to awaken me," says he. (Incidentally, he is well into middle age.)

When you've read a bit, or maybe written a letter, or listened to some quiet music, stand up, stretch big, wiggle your finger tips and toes, yawn prodigiously, lie back calmly, and begin thinking of quiet and pleasant things. You'll probably be lost in peaceful slumber before you know it.

3. *Keep a time chart for six weeks or longer.* Set down the approximate number of hours you do sleep at night—maintaining at all times that calming "So what?" attitude toward any wakefulness. Also keep an eye on how you feel and function next day.

You may thus discover that you don't need a conventional eight hours of unbroken sleep. Many people don't. Remember Thomas Edison? He slept only five hours, then cat-napped during the day.

Sleep patterns can be habit-forming. Too much sleep can make you dull. Find your norm, then adhere to it, and don't strain for more. If you seem happier, more efficient with an Edison siesta, then take one whenever you can work it in. Twenty to 30 minutes is enough time.

4. *Check all aspects of your life which might be stealing your sleep.* Bright lights, noise, alcohol, food and food allergies, emotional conflicts which cause indigestion, or any of a hundred other factors may be guilty. If your insomina is acute and persistent, by all means get competent medical and/or psychiatric aid. For most of us, however, it's just a matter of taking ourselves in hand.

"The saddest fact," one authority concludes, "is that most sufferers make no effort at all to correct the trouble. They simply complain. With a little practice, often as little as a week, these tested, corrective measures will work. They not only may bring an end to your sleeplessness, but may gradually remake your whole life, enriching it beyond your fondest dreams."

THE DARKEST DAY OF MY LIFE by *Art Linkletter*

MY FATHER was a traveling evangelist. He plied the trade of shoemaker to feed his family, and devoted his spare time to rendering spiritual sustenance to others. Although I didn't know it then, he was of the caliber of modern preachers like Billy Graham.

Possessed of a penetrating voice and an equally powerful conception of religious zeal, the Reverend John Fulton Linkletter praised the Lord in streetcars, on city corners and from the very rooftop of the tiny San Diego home.

I was 11 and normally curious that he should receive so many letters from far-off Canada. Then, too, he always pushed them away when I entered his room. I made up my mind that it was something I should find out about.

He was away one day, and I entered his room. I searched for the mysterious, official-looking documents, then I read them. They told me something I had only vaguely suspected: that he was not my natural father, that the small, dainty, quiet woman who always worked so laboriously mending clothes for me, was not my biological mother.

I had been adopted as an orphan, but no one had ever troubled to explain that to me. I put the letters away, talked the matter over with my "father" quietly. Nothing much was made of it. But for quite a while I felt insecure and shaken.

Today, with a home and children of my own, I am more than ever convinced that honesty in the home works both ways. We hope that our children will trust us and not lie to us. In return, a child is entitled to know where he stands.

The parents who pretend their adopted child is not adopted are selfishly indulging themselves. More than anything else, children love security. And what can be better than the comforting knowledge that they were selected—chosen specially by a mother and father?

Weeds of the field toil not, neither do they spin—but they add a touch of beauty to altar decorations by Dr. Robert S. Reich

Imagination at the Altar

By WEBB GARRISON

ALTAR decorations at a church in Baton Rouge, Louisiana, are unique and strikingly beautiful, but the church doesn't appropriate a cent for flowers. Instead, the William B. Reilly Memorial Methodist Church uses weeds, cornstalks, dead leaves and fallen tree limbs.

"There is good reason to think our altar decorations bring many persons to church," says the Rev. William E. Trice, pastor of the 1,000-member church. "I sometimes suspect that visitors are more interested in seeing a unique display of weeds than in hearing me preach!"

Most of the credit for these unusual decorations goes to a church member, Dr. Robert S. Reich, professor of landscape architecture at Louisiana State University.

Dr. Reich, who decorates the sanctuary without cost, recalls that the church budget once included $50 a year for flowers. "Since I didn't use it, it's no longer listed. About the only expense we ever have is the occasional replacement of candles."

From nearby fields and ditches come the materials used with imagination and skill to add an extra touch of beauty to the worship service.

"Weeds are my favorites," he says. "They have so much character." He finds beauty in goldenrod and dock, dead leaves from the Japanese rice-paper plant, even the bare branches of shrubs and trees.

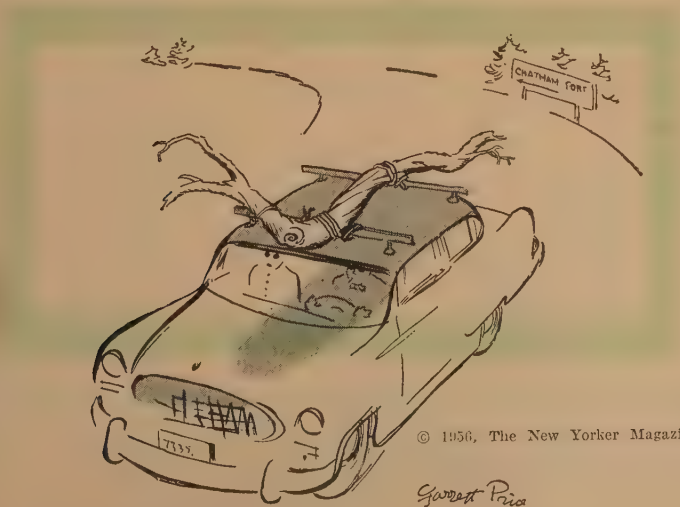
"Most church arrangements are so small that they appear ridiculous," Dr. Reich says. "This is why branches of trees and shrubs and large weeds like dock may be better to use than most garden or florist-shop flowers.

"Simple containers and simple beauty of arrangement become the Christian religion. I eliminate all 'gadgetry' such as gold urns and let the arrangement stand alone."

Primarily the designer should look for vivid colors, graceful lines and appealing shapes. One decorator used a combination of pink rambler roses, rhubarb stems and young leaves—all pinned to a cabbage base!

Dr. Reich doesn't advocate wholesale abandonment of cut flowers. He advises that any shift from cut flowers and potted plants to weeds and cornstalks should be done gradually.

"Lecture-demonstrations to the women's groups and men's clubs would be very helpful," he says. "Our congregation accepts the unusual in altar decoration because we've grown up with it."



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Garrett Price

Together with the Small Fry

Happy Birthday

By MARGARET REDFIELD

CLARENCE was a little red ant. More than anything else in the world, he wanted a pair of boxing gloves. When he opened his birthday presents and found not just one but *two* pairs of gloves, well, you just should have seen Clarence!

What had happened was that Clarence's two older brothers had bought him a pair of boxing gloves. His younger brothers also had bought a pair.

Clarence was so excited he could hardly stand still long enough for his brothers to help him put on the gloves—all four of them.

"Will you let me wear one pair of your gloves?" his younger brother asked.

But Clarence hugged all the gloves to him. "No, no, NO! These are my very own. No one can wear them but me!"

And he began dancing around saying, "Oof!" and "Take that!" and "Come out and fight like an ant!"

Everybody got pretty tired of Clarence.

His brothers decided to go off on a hike without him. In a little while Clarence asked a ladybug where they were.

"They all went hiking," she told him.

"Humph!" said Clarence, which

Clarence

everybody knows means, "See if I care!"

"I'm going to give boxing lessons," he told the ladybug. "I'll make a sign that says *The Antly Art of Self-Defense—Lessons by Clarence.*"

"By the way," Clarence began, turning to the ladybug, "how would *you* like . . ."

But she had flown away at the first mention of boxing lessons.

Soon Clarence began to be hungry. He thought of the lovely frosted cake crumbs Mother had fixed for his birthday. He hurried into his anthill home, but no one was there. Instead, there was a note from Mother: "I've gone shopping. Here is your lunch."

Greedily Clarence reached for a cake crumb. But he couldn't pick it up with his gloves on. Well, he'd just take them off!

The funny thing was that no matter how hard he tried, they wouldn't come off! They were so big and clumsy. He tried nibbling at them, but the strings were knotted.

"Oh," thought Clarence, "won't somebody help me get these gloves off?" But no one was there, and he was so hungry. So he leaned down and took a big bite of cake.

The icing got all over his face, and even into his eyes. He decided he'd take a nap and try to forget the gloves.

Just then Mother came hurrying in. When she saw Clarence lying on the floor with his eyes closed and his face all white, she flung up her feelers and shrieked!

"I'm all right, Mother!" Clarence cried, sitting up.

"Oh, what a scare you gave me!" she said.

Then Clarence told Mother all his troubles and burst into tears. Yes, he did. And maybe you would, too, if you had sticky icing all over your face, and in your eyes, heavy gloves on your hands, and nobody to play with on your birthday.

While Mother was washing the icing off his face, in came all of Clarence's brothers, back from their hike. When they heard his troubles, they all helped untie the gloves.

Clarence looked at the gloves, then at Mother and his brothers.

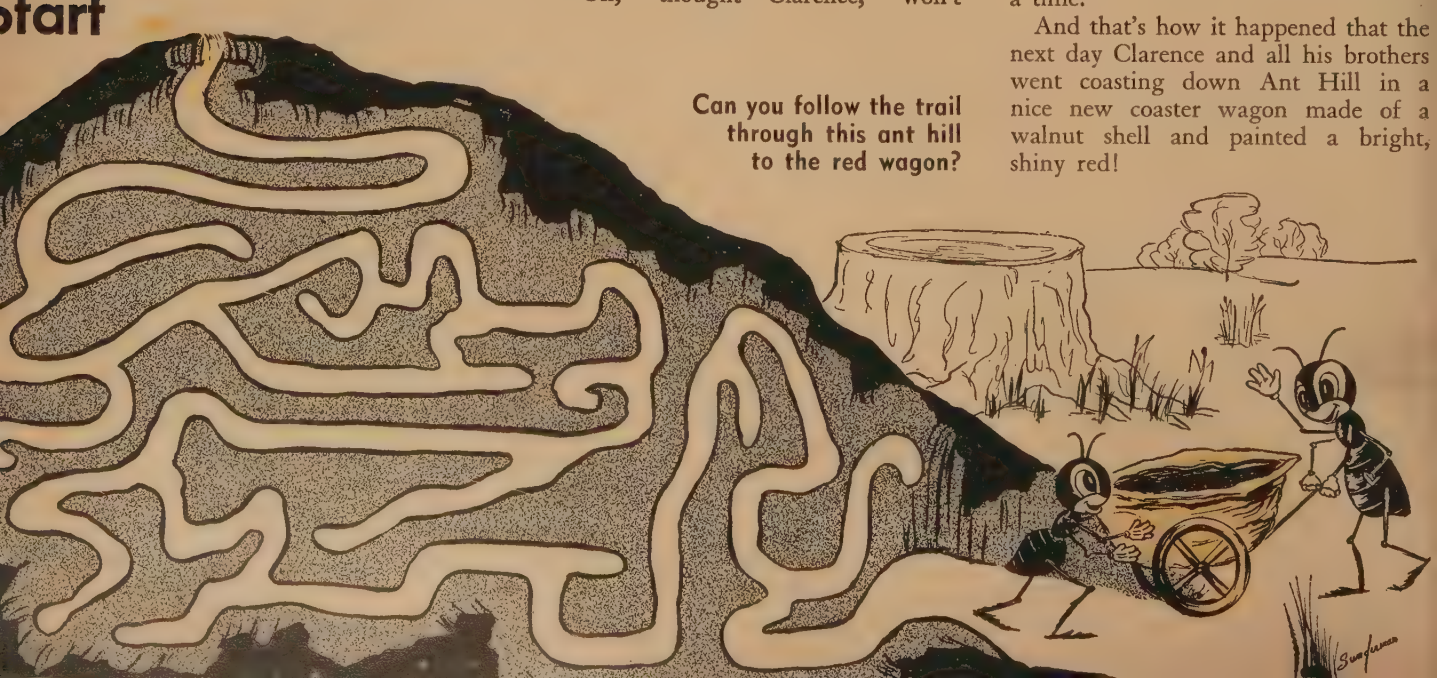
"Do you suppose," he asked thoughtfully, "that the store would let us exchange the gloves for something else—something we could all play with together?"

"But Clarence!" cried his brothers, "you said you'd be the world's happiest ant if only you had boxing gloves!"

"I know," sighed Clarence, "but I found out it's more fun when we're all happy together, instead of one at a time."

And that's how it happened that the next day Clarence and all his brothers went coasting down Ant Hill in a nice new coaster wagon made of a walnut shell and painted a bright, shiny red!

Can you follow the trail through this ant hill to the red wagon?



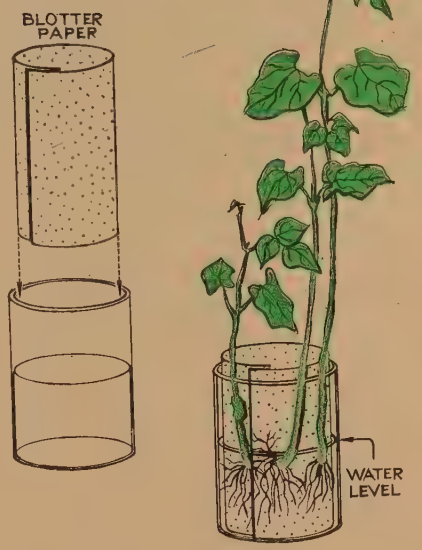
Indoor Garden

WOULD YOU like to have a winter garden? You can grow many plants indoors in very little time. God will provide the sunshine, and you can be the gardener who helps to make things grow.

Let's start with a bean. Inside each tiny navy bean is plenty of food to grow a beanstalk. All you need to do is give the bean water and see that its gets light and sunshine.

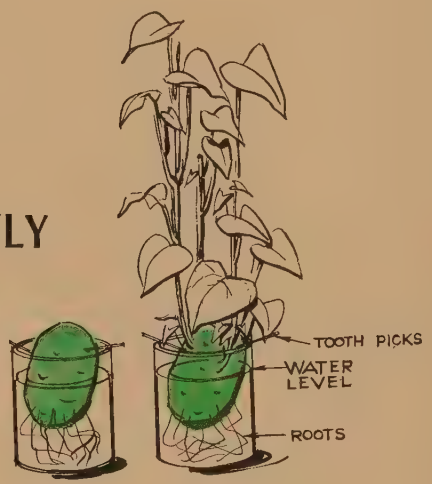
Look at the pictures for a guide. All set? Find an ordinary water glass or a small jar. Curl a small blotter (one that blots on both sides) inside the glass. Put five or six navy beans between the blotter and the glass. Then fill the glass about halfway with water. The blotter will absorb some of the water, and the beans will take just as much as they need to sprout and grow.

In two or three days you'll see tiny green sprouts. They'll take root, and the sprouts will begin to shoot up. Put the glass in the sunshine, keep the blotter moist, and you'll be surprised how quickly your beanstalk will grow.



A SWEET POTATO GROWS MORE SLOWLY

A SWEET POTATO vine grows more slowly, but much bigger. Find an empty peanut-butter jar, or ask Mother for a mason jar. Put three or four toothpicks in the biggest end of the sweet potato to suspend it on the jar. Only its tip should be in water. Then see that it gets plenty of light. Soon you'll see tiny white roots at the bottom of the potato. Keep its tip covered in water. It will take two or three weeks before it sprouts. Then it needs more sunshine—and you can sit back and watch your garden grow!



PUZZLE

FEBRUARY is the Happy Birthday month for many famous Americans. Unscramble the names below, and you'll recognize five of them:

BINDREGHL
SINODE
NOCLILN
HANSIGWOTN
FOBALUF LIBL

(*Answers on page 74*)

MORNING PRAYER

I thank you, God, for this new day,
For work at school, for fun at play,
For Daddy's love and Mommy's care,
And friends and playmates everywhere.

TICK TOCK TALKS

Old Tick Tock likes
Best girls and boys
Who take good care
Of pets and toys;
Who follow well
The Golden Rule,
And always go
To Sunday school.

Barnabas and his

LOOKS AT NEW BOOKS

JUST about everybody in the book world is going nostalgic these days. Authors are waxing sentimental over a lost generation, a year, other books, old-fashioned vinegar pie and quilting bees, homemade ice cream, and life-in-general as it used to be. Grandma called it "living in the past" and accused grandpa of "getting on in years" when he recalled the "good old days" at the age of 35.

Psychologists have decided the good old days weren't so good after all; that memory tricks us and makes us forget the inconvenience, the hardship, and the suffering of past years. But nostalgia is great fun. It can be educational—and sometimes inspiring—to take a writer's hand and stroll back through the years. This seems to appeal to everyone, young or old. Even little Bobby Barnabas, age 9, insists last Christmas wasn't like "the good Christmases I used to have."

Jim Thorpe: greatest of all time?

Drawing from The Wonderful World of Archaeology.

Who was the greatest football player of all time? The greatest athlete of the century?

Most sports writers vote for Jim Thorpe, the black-haired Sac and Fox Indian who tore up the gridiron for the Carlisle Indians nearly 50 years ago.

Allison Danzig in his fine *The History of American Football* (Prentice Hall, $12.50) does nothing to persuade me otherwise. Glenn (Pop) Warner, coach of the Indians, said Thorpe "weighed around 178 and was an exceptionally well-built athlete. He had speed as well as strength. He knew how to use his strength as well as any football player or track athlete I have ever known."

King Gustav V of Sweden saw Thorpe become the hero of the 1912 Olympics. "Sir, you are the greatest athlete in the world," he declared. Sports writers watching him on the gridiron wrote like this:

"He simply ran wild while [the opposing team] tried in vain to stop his progress. It was like trying to clutch a shadow . . . It seems inconceivable that any one man could be so overwhelmingly endowed by nature with all the skills and talents the Indian had in superabundance."

Jim Thorpe and hundreds of other grid greats since the first football game come to life in Danzig's imposing book. This one had to be expensive. There are 365 photographs and more than 500 pages. Not once in a polka-dot moon does Barnabas feel like standing on the housetop to shout praises. Please pardon my paraphrasing a television commercial: but if you like football, you'll like this one.

Captain Basil L. Rowe of Pan-American Airlines retired recently after flying, it is said, more miles than any other man who ever lived—a distance equivalent to more than 223 trips around the world. His book, *Under My Wings* (Bobbs, Merrill, $4), is the story of American aviation, in a sense, because this veteran pilot grew up with it.

I was somewhat disappointed because it strikes me that Rowe's story is not as well told and exciting as it might have been. It lacks breath-taking sweep and wonder. Perhaps the flying of more than 5 million miles and the spending of 35,000 hours in the air are enough to blunt anyone's sense of wonder, making an airline pilot's job seem as routine as that of a bus driver.

A young man once approached Dr. S. Parkes Cadman and asked: "Dr. Cadman, can a young married couple live a Christian life in New York City on $15 a week?" The wise old clergyman replied, "Young man, that's the only kind of life they *can* live."

This little anecdote was picked up from **Betty Frist's** *No Wings in the Manse* (Revell, $2.50), which tells of life and laughter under the preacher's roof by a preacher's daughter who became a preacher's wife. A genuinely amusing book to prove there is plenty of room for humor in religion.

Man can't explain life, his science can't create life, but all of us can watch the abundance of life everywhere around us. The closer we watch, the greater our sense of wonder. Sharing this wonder is **Joseph Wood Krutch,**

author of *The Great Chain of Life* (Houghton Mifflin, $3.75).

Krutch is not a scientist in the strict sense of the word. He is a "nature lover" with something of the reverence for life that characterizes **Albert Schweitzer.** He couples this with uncanny powers of observation and an able pen. If he had been a scientist in the strict sense of the word, he couldn't have written with such warmth, feeling, and imagination.

"Unfortunately, the scientific study of living creatures does not always promote either reverence or love, even when it is not wholly utilitarian in its emphasis," Krutch writes. "It was the seventeenth-century naturalist John Ray who first gave wide currence in England to the conviction that God made other living things not exclusively for the use of man but also for both his delight and for theirs."

He regrets the repetition of certain biological experiments, the results of which have been known for years.

"By now it is as well known that a rat will sicken and die without certain minerals and vitamins as it is that he will die if given no food at all. Would anyone learn anything by poking out eyes in order to prove that without them animals can't see? . . . Taught by such methods, biology not only fails to promote reverence for life but encourages the tendency to blaspheme it. Instead of increasing empathy, it destroys it. Instead of enlarging our sympathy, it hardens the heart."

There is much more to this book than Krutch's stand against unnecessary slaughter masquerading under science or sport. He looks at the entire panorama of life, sends his reader away with a fresh sense of awe, an emotion one should replenish as often as possible.

William Saroyan cuts a rather large swath in modern American literature, largely because he is William Saroyan. Nothing appears likely to change that, as witness his latest book, *The Whole Voyald* (Atlantic-Little, Brown, $3.75), a collection of short stories of uneven merit. The word *voyald,* Saroyan points out, is a way of saying void, voyage and world at the same time.

Some of these stories are good, and some aren't so good. But the author's introduction to the book is a classic. It goes to prove what most people have known for a long time—Saroyan is an individualist. There's nobody like him, this extraordinary Armenian who refuses flatly to rewrite for an editor, who won't accept money connected with a literary prize or award, who declares:

"I am head over heels in debt. I ex-

Foolishness for February

WRITE ME A POEM, BABY, by H. Allen Smith. *(Little, Brown, $2.95.)*

A seventh grader, asked by his teacher to write an essay on why he wanted to be in the eighth grade, submitted: "There are not many reasons why I want to be in the Eighth Grade." And a 9-year-old, asked to analyze the fall of Rome, summed it up this way: "The Downfall of Rome was caused by carelessness" . . . and so on for 142 delicious pages! "I have long been a pushover for the literary strivings of small children," declares the author-collector. "They are, as a general rule, much better writers than grownups . . . and unconsciously they are funnier than the best of our professional humorists."

From Write Me A Poem, Baby.

IT ALL STARTED WITH EVE, by Richard Armour. *(McGraw-Hill, $2.75.)*

The best way to describe this is "rich." If there's any criticism, it's because Armour won't give you time to remove one wide grin before another starts across your face. (This can be very tiring on the face muscles and may force you frequently to lay the book aside.) Anyway, next time you are in a bookstore pick this one from a shelf and scan a couple of pages. You'll laugh with Armour, whose contributions also brighten TOGETHER from time to time.

MUCH ADO ABOUT ME, by Fred Allen. *(Boston: Atlantic-Little, Brown, $5.)*

While this isn't a laugh book in the strict sense, it was written by a man who made millions chortle during the heyday of radio. Earlier, when vaudeville was in flower, he was known as "Freddy James, the World's Worst Juggler." In addition to being a comedian, the late Fred Allen was also a talented writer capable of producing *Much Ado About Me,* an autobiography worthy of a top-flight professional author.

From Best Cartoons of 1956.

BEST CARTOONS OF THE YEAR, edited by Lawrence Lariar. *(Crown, $2.95.)*

Here are 300 cartoons judged best of the past year by cartoonists themselves. Many of these rib ticklers appeared in such magazines as *The Saturday Evening Post* and the now-lamented *Collier's.* A few miss the boat (cartoonists don't *always* know what makes people laugh) and others step over the line of decency. But as a package, this book is good for a laugh a minute.

THE LIFE OF THE PARTY, edited by Bennett Cerf. *(Hanover House, $2.95.)*

Bennett Cerf isn't the funniest man on television, nor in print, but no one works harder to give the poor wandering joke a home. Sometimes you'll groan as well as chuckle over his latest collection of good humor.

MISS BOO IS SIXTEEN, by Margaret Lee Runbeck. *(Houghton-Mifflin, $3.50.)*

Thousands read and laughed and laughed some more at *Our Miss Boo.* Here's another one, again for parents, for teen-agers, for bachelors, for spinsters, for uncles, for aunts. It tells the story of the growing up of a girl and the growing-together of a family.

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This is the Saroyan who went to Hollywood and then fled, learning later that he had left behind wages amounting to "something between five and 15,000 dollars. I never investigated the matter."

If you've read **Charles Dickens**—and who hasn't—you will find it hard to forget many of the scenes the author so skillfully created. The work of Hablot K. Browne, an artist known as "Phiz," also helped carve a niche for Dickens in the literary hall of fame. For years his illustrations were part and parcel of every new Dickens book—*The Pickwick Papers, A Tale of Two Cities, David Copperfield, Martin Chuzzlewit* and many others.

A close study of Browne's etchings has been made by **Albert Johannsen,** a Dickens collector for over 50 years, professor emeritus of geology at the University of Chicago. The result is an elaborate, 442-page volume, *Phiz* (University of Chicago Press, $8.95), in which are reproduced the several etchings of each illustration Browne had to make in order to keep up with printing schedules required by the great demand for Dickens' books. Many of the duplicate plates exhibit important differences . . . which is the sole purpose of the book.

This is for the rabid student of Dickensonia. But the casual fan will enjoy recalling Dickens through these unique illustrations.

A Phiz *etching from Dickens.*

From time to time great revivals have swept across America. Many persons believe another is now gathering force. I, for one, hope this is true.

In *Revival Times In America* (W. A. Wilde, $2.50), **Fred Hoffman** traces the recurring times of spiritual awakening which have kept America strong throughout her history. One took place in 1740. There was a great revival in 1800 and a prayer revival in 1857. Mighty evangelistic figures have led the way: Jonathan Edwards, George Whitefield, Charles G. Finney, Dwight L. Moody. We have had our Billy Sundays, our Sam Joneses, our Billy Grahams.

Hoffman's book is actually a challenge to all the churches of America. He warns that "the great majority of our people are still indifferent to the fact that we are living in crisis hours, and are blind to the real nature of the peril.

"Grave dangers threaten the continued existence of our nation, both from without and from within our borders, but the greatest need of the hour is neither physical nor material, but spiritual. America needs God."

Feel tricky? Well, try this on a friend. Ask him to write down the year of his birth and add to it the year of some important event in his life. To this sum have him add his age, and finally, the number of years since the important event took place.

When this is done, look wise and announce: "Your total is 3914." It will be, too, if your friend knows how to add. He won't realize, probably, that the total of the four numbers must always be exactly twice the current year. (In 1958, the total will be 3916).

That's just a little trick I picked up from among the scores **Martin Gardner** details in his paper-backed book, *Mathematics, Magic and Mystery* (Dover, $1). There's sheer joy in this one if numbers fascinate you.

The next time you fly over America, look down on the rapidly mushrooming suburban areas ringing our cities. Note the curving streets, the sameness of the houses, the small, treeless (and sometimes grassless) lawns.

Behind the picture window sits an owner-to-be. Most likely he's shackled by a colossal mortgage, unable to move out because that is economically impossible.

John Keats writes an angry book. His *The Crack in the Picture Window* (Houghton Mifflin, $3) is all about "the housing developments that are blighting the landscape and souls of America's suburbs."

Says Author Keats: "For literally nothing down—other than a simple two per cent and a promise to pay, and pay, and pay until the end of your life

Before I Die—I Must See

Carcassonne

By GUSTAVE NEDAUD

Translated from the French by John R. Thompson

I'm growing old, I've sixty years;
I've labored all my life in vain.
In all that time of hopes and fears,
I've failed my dearest wish to gain.
I see full well that here below
Bliss unalloyed there is for none;
My prayer would else fulfilment know—
Never have I seen Carcassonne!

You see the city from the hill
It lies beyond the mountains blue;
And yet to reach it one must still
Five long and weary leagues pursue,
And to return, as many more.
Had but the vintage plenteous grown—
But, ah! the grape withheld its store.
I shall not look on Carcassonne!

They tell me every day is there
Not more or less than Sunday gay;
In shining robes and garments fair
The people walk upon their way.
One gazes there on castle walls
As grand as those of Babylon.
A bishop and two generals!
What joy to dwell in Carcassonne!

The vicar's right; he says that we
Are ever wayward, weak, and blind;
He tells us in his homily
Ambition ruins all mankind;
Yet could I there two days have spent,
While still the autumn sweetly shone,
Ah, me! I might have died content
When I had looked on Carcassonne.

Thy pardon, Father, I beseech,
In this my prayer if I offend;
One something sees beyond his reach
From childhood to his journey's end.
My wife, our little boy, Aignan,
Have traveled even to Narbonne;
My grandchild has seen Perpignan;
And I have not seen Carcassonne!

So crooned one day, close by Limoux,
A peasant, double-bent with age.
Rise up, my friend, said I; with you
I'll go upon this pilgrimage.
We left next morning, his abode,
But (Heaven forgive him!) halfway on
The old man died upon the road.
He never gazed on Carcassonne.

Submitted by *Philip A. Danielson, Evanston, Ill.*

—you too . . . can find a box of your own in one of the fresh-air slums we're building around the edges of America's cities."

That's Keats' introduction. Here's his ending: "I submit, as proved, that these drones (those who live in housing developments) are prey to drift and abysmal boredom, and cannot be said to have lives of their own. I submit housing developments combine the worst disadvantages of suburbs and city slums without reflecting the advantages of either. I submit housing developments are a disruptive influence in our national life. I submit housing developments pose many clear and present dangers to us all. . . ."

There's plenty between introduction and ending, some of it funny—all of it interesting, whether or not you agree with the author's vehement denunciation of housing developments.

Erle Stanley Gardner's *The Case of the Missing Morals* in last month's TOGETHER is receiving widespread comment. As Gardner pointed out, environment in general and home life in particular are deciding factors in the apparent upsurge of juvenile delinquency.

Henry Rische devotes a chapter to this problem in his thought-provoking book, *When The Lights Are Low* (Concordia, $2.50). He recalls a cartoon which appeared after an incident involving school children.

"It showed a man coming out of the front door of his home with a blunderbuss in his hand, indignant over this outrage committed upon his daughters," Rische writes. "He would track down the guilty one. The trail led around through the woods, circled, and finally came up to a door. Ah! here he would find the cause, the guilty one. He looked up. Great Scot! He dropped his flintlock, dumfounded. It was the back door of his own home."

I'm only guessing, but isn't it probable that more words have been written about Abraham Lincoln than any other man, with the exception of Jesus Christ?

This thought struck me while reading one of the latest: *The Courtship of Mr. Lincoln* by **Ruth Painter Randall** (Little, Brown, $3.75). In a previous book Mrs. Randall discredited

19 a To deliver their soul from d
and to keep them alive in b famine.
20 Our soul d waiteth for the L
f he is our help and our g shield.
21 For our heart shall rejoice in

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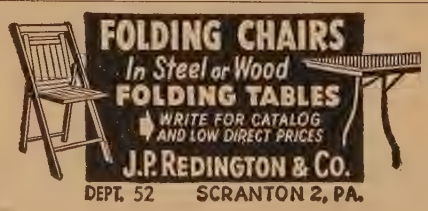
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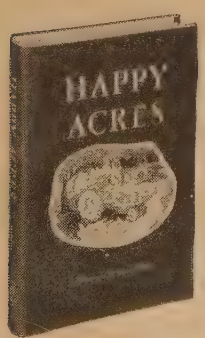

HAPPY ACRES

BY E. N. ROLFSRUD

48 Inspirational Readings for Families With Children

Just the book for holding the attention of children from two to fourteen. HAPPY ACRES is a series of stories about the Johnson family —six lively children with their parents on a farm home—with the yardstick of practical Christianity neatly applied to each episode in a natural and entertaining way. There are questions with each chapter for the parents who like a spirited family discussion to be part of each devotional period. Illustrations by Dorothy Divers.

T

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stories that Lincoln failed to appear at a wedding occasion, that Lincoln's marriage to Mary Todd was not a love match. The new book deals only with the romance, presenting a new Lincoln: the unskilled young suitor prone to doubts, self-questioning, jealousy and sentimental poetry!

Most of us are familiar with I Cor. 13:1: "Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal."

Charles M. Crowe in *The Sanctuary 1957* (Abingdon, 10 cents each, 75 cents per dozen, $3.95 per hundred copies) reprints Paul W. Hoon's paraphrase of Paul's words. I'd like to share them with you:

"Though I speak with the tongues of scientific men and psychological angels, though I have the gift of analytical prophecy and understand personality mysteries and all Freudian knowledge, though I have faith in my techniques so that I can remove mountains of complexes and tensions, and though I bestow all my goods to feed the emotionally poor, and though I give my psyche to be burned beneath the searching analysis of an expensive psychotherapist, if I have not love, I am nothing."

This palm-sized book contains 47 brief devotions for Lenten reading and worship—one for each day from Ash Wednesday through Easter Sunday. Each devotion is rich with illustrations drawn from such fields as industry, science, art, medicine, music, athletics and literature. I believe Crowe has written some of the finest devotional materials I've ever seen. He's a Methodist minister in Wilmette, Ill.

George Mackie of Hamden, Conn., writes Barnabas to list *The Star-Gazer*, by **Zsolt De Harsanyi,** as one book he'd like to see filmed. It's a fictionalized biography of the astronomer Galileo, published in 1939. Any other nominations?

"This is for the 10-year-old—and up, including me!" said the office girl who grabbed *The Wonderful World of Archaeology* by **Ronald Jessup** (Garden City, $2.95) the minute it hit my desk. As you may have guessed, she's a frustrated archaeologist.

"One of the most interesting sections in this colorful, well-illustrated book is the story on the finding of a 7th Century ghost ship," she says. "The open sea-going boat with the belongings of a Saxon king was found buried deep in the sand of the Suffolk coast. Although the timbers had rotted away and only the nails were left, the sand was brushed and carved away until a clear outline

Browsing in Fiction

LONG REMEMBER, by MacKinlay Kantor *(Coward-McCann, $4.95)*

This book was re-issued for two main reasons, I think. For one thing, Kantor's successful novel, *Andersonville,* has established him as an expert on the Civil War, and the publisher probably assumed that people would be interested in reading some of his earlier writings on the same subject. Second, there is growing public interest in the terrible conflict which decided once and for all that the United States would remain united.

At any rate, more than 20 years ago MacKinlay Kantor wrote this first-rate novel which shows us the battle of Gettysburg through the eyes of civilians. Wars never involve military forces alone—perhaps one of the best ways to see a war in its proper setting is to view it as it seemed to farmers, tradesmen, and families anxiously waiting word of sons and husbands walking in danger.

This was a good book when it was written and it is still a good novel today, more than two decades later. That is certainly more than could be said of most of my sermons.

YELLOW HORSE, by Dee Brown *(Houghton-Mifflin, $2.75)*

This book is based on a real situation which happened on the frontier, before the Indian wars were over. The plot sounds like that of a standard Western, with a good officer falling in love with the daughter of a man opposed to him and a bad officer stirring up unnecessary conflict with the Indians.

The story involves a balloon which is part of the equipment provided by the government for weather observation. How this balloon was used to win a battle, and thus became the instrument that makes everything turn out right finally, is the heart of the whole story.

This is the kind of book I used to devour as a boy. It brings me some mixed emotions to realize that I read it, recently, with considerable satisfaction. Definitely, it is not for the sophisticates. But adults who sometimes watch Jim Bowie on TV, pretending that they are doing some research on children's programs, will certainly enjoy this novel.

WRITTEN ON WATER, by Vicki Baum *(Doubleday, $3.50)*

Here is one of those society yarns about an adventurer and a wealthy beauty married to nobility who is not very noble. So far as I am concerned, if the title could be taken literally, it would suit me just as well. This is just not my kind of book, but it might be yours. So I ought to say that it is at least average of its type. A great deal of the plot centers south of the border, and now and then its characters have some flashes of reality.

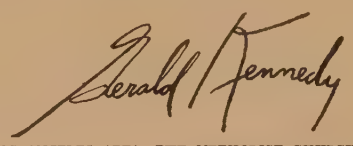
I remember that Vicki Baum wrote *Grand Hotel,* which I thought was quite a book in its day. I guess I am getting old, and this strata of society has lost all its glamour. But if you like the book, we can still be friends.

OFF LIMITS, by Hans Habe *(Fell, $4.95)*

If you still have illusions as to what the American occupation of Germany accomplished for democracy, please do not read this book. From the viewpoint of the Germans, everything we did was wrong; we betrayed our real friends and put back in power those who had produced World War II.

There is a certain bitterness in this book. And more than that, there is sadness at what might have been and was not. Perhaps it never could have been, for conquerors cannot teach democracy while occupying a country. Even from the most sincere point of view it is impossible to tell the real friend from the real enemy. War-criminal trials do not establish justice, and military regulations do not create affection. Here is all the futility of military power trying to change the spirit of a people. This is not to say that sincere attempts were not made nor that all our military leaders were either insincere or stupid. Quite the contrary!

I have been impressed personally with the high quality of our military leaders, but I must confess that I think this author is right when he tells us the story of how we tried and failed to redeem a people. Only God can do that, and he must have men whose own hearts have been cleansed. Thus endeth the lesson of this novel. It is one that every man needs to read and ponder.



BISHOP, LOS ANGELES AREA, THE METHODIST CHURCH

of the ship could be constructed from the stains of the sand."

This book is primary archaeology, of course. Not for the professional. But for the amateur, it explains clearly the methods used from the beginner's first digging to the skillful analyzing, measuring, and photographing done with the Dead Sea Scrolls.

When I lived on the farm and in small cities, I never heard of juvenile delinquency. But we had some youngsters who were as mischievous as all get out. Delinquent? The word doesn't seem to fit any of them. The woodshed was handy, the church door always open on Sunday. So, somehow, those kids grew up to be pretty decent citizens.

Even Peck's Bad Boy—the terror of his neighborhood—hadn't heard of gang war, switchblade knives, or marijuana cigarettes. **George W. Peck,** author of the Bad Boy books that delighted other generations, once wrote:

"The counterpart of this boy is located in every city, village and country hamlet throughout the land. He is wide awake, full of vinegar and is ready to crawl under the canvas of a circus or repeat a hundred verses of the New Testament in Sunday School. He knows where every melon patch in the neighborhood is located, and at what hours the dog is chained up. He will tie an oyster can to a dog's tail to give the dog exercise, or will fight at the drop of a hat to protect the smaller boy or a school girl.

"He gets in his work everywhere there is a prospect of fun, and his heart is easily touched by an appeal in the right way, though his coat-tail is oftener touched with a boot than his heart is by kindness. But he shuffles through life until the time comes for him to make a mark in the world, and then he

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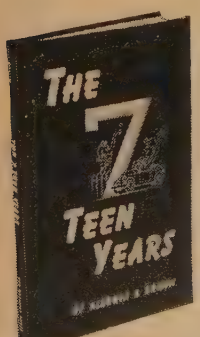

The 7 Teen Years

By Alberta Z. Brown.

A sensible book to help the teen-ager solve the confusing problems which face him. It is liberally illustrated with 34 cartoons and is written in a down-to-earth style that appeals to teen minds. The articles cover such problems as; the meaning of home and family, sex problems, cliques, dangerous "thrill" activities and other experiences about which teen-agers are uncertain. $1.50

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buckles on the harness and goes to the front, and becomes successful, and then those who said he would grow up in state prison, remember that he always *was* a mighty smart lad. . . ."

American Heritage calls itself The Magazine of History. It is more like an every-other-month book of highest quality. It keeps rolling along, piling up one triumph after another in content and appearance.

I was impressed by two features in a recent *American Heritage* (subscription rate, $12 a year). One was an article, "The Books We Got For Christmas" by **Ellen Wilson.**

"If an American child of the first half of the nineteenth century could see today's flood of books for children, he might be delighted, but he would certainly be bewildered, for American children before 1850 had few books they could call their own. On long winter evenings they settled down to **Cooper's** *Leather-stocking Tales,* or they read **Washington Irving's** *The Sketch Book* until they knew *Rip Van Winkle* and *The Legend of Sleepy Hollow* almost by heart. But these books belonged not to the child but to his father." Not until after the Doctor Dolittle stories did the flood of children's books (as we know them) begin, she writes.

Alice in American Heritage.

The other feature was a 16-page pictorial, reproducing some of the first daguerreotype photographs taken after the first primitive camera opened an eye on the American scene in 1839.

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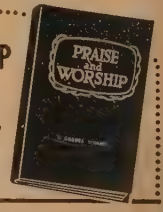

ADD-A-SONG

57 songs for younger children grouped by subject matter.

Compiled by *Stella B. Daleburn*

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Yes, nostalgia is more than a sentimental emotion. It has become a commodity. No one in recent months has made this commodity more appealing than **Hans V. Kaltenborn,** veteran commentator and journalist, who has been reporting history for nearly half a century.

It Seems Like Yesterday (Putnam, $5.95) is Kaltenborn's account of this century's great moments and events. His book owes much of its appeal, however, to the photographs that accompany the text. This is no reflection on Kaltenborn, but his book would hardly justify its existence had it not been for the scores of photographers who also had a hand in it.

The saying—"You can take a boy out of the country, but you can't take the country out of the boy"—has become as common and trite as that sometimes credited to Mark Twain: "Everybody talks about the weather, but nobody does anything about it."

Stewart H. Holbrook invites you to live again, in pictures and commentary, those green-salad days *Down On The Farm* (Crown, $4.50). Here's nostalgia again, pure and simple. It will grip your heart even if you are not tired of concrete, indoor plumbing, neon signs and TV. According to Holbrook: "The towns and cities of the United States today hold several million people who were born on farms, and millions more to whom the farm represents the life and times of their forebears. That is where the old homestead was, or is. The rural home and the life that went with it are still one of our great traditions."

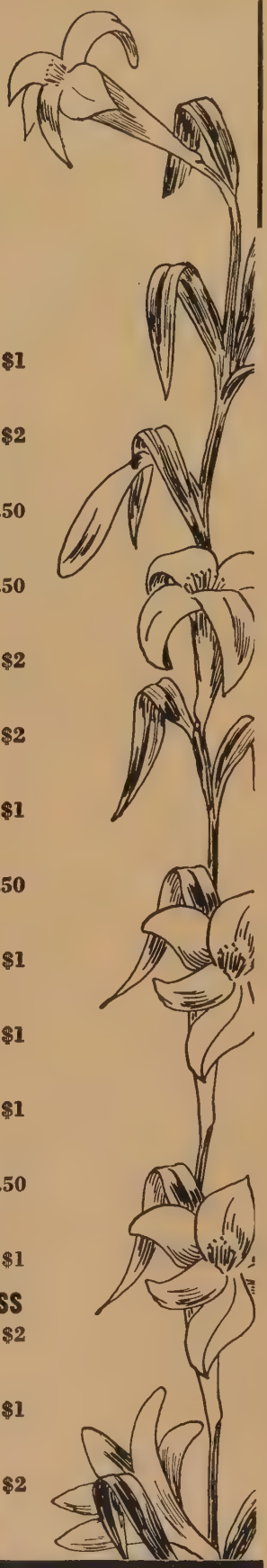
The pictures which help tell the story are priceless relics of other days. To get them, Holbrook and Crown must have leafed through every old family album in America.

I'm reviewing **H. Allen Smith's** latest book in our special laugh department this month, but I can't resist letting you in on a couple of stories he reprints from child authors. Both are Bible-inspired, incidentally.

"Once there was a man named Elisha. He owned three bears and they lived in a dark cave. One day some little boys threw stones at Elisha and Elisha said, 'If you throw stones at me, I'll tell my bears and they'll eat you up.' And they did and he did and the bears did."

Another youngster submitted his own version of the Great Flood. " . . . Noha got all of animals on the ark and they started to sail they sailed for a long time all of a sudden the ark started to tare apart and all of the animals and Noha came tumbleing out of the ark all of the animals and Noha grabed

Lenten Easter Books



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pieces of wood the animals became resles after a while the red cross came and saved them."

Said the little boy who was touring Rome with his parents: "I want to see the place where they threw all the grownups to the lions." Then there was the tramp who answered the first question on the million-dollar question program. "Continue, nothing!" he declared. "I'll take the two bucks!"

And so forth. Which all goes to prove that it takes more than a gag line to make a mildly humorous joke funny. It takes a cartoon in addition, which they've done in *Best Cartoons of 1956* the past year, reviewed in our special humor department this month. A most laughable selection.

When next time we have a quiz party at the Barnabas home, I'm going to ask "Who discovered America?" And the correct answer will be: "Indians."

That inspiration came to me while reading **Oliver La Farge's** *A Pictorial History of the American Indian* (Crown, $7.50). He swings into his story with the ease of a man who knows his subject well enough to write about it simply. As I read, my sketchy bits of information about Indians—Pocahontas, Squanto, Sitting Bull, feathered headdresses, Pueblo jewelry, and so on—were strung together like so many beads into organized knowledge. The text of this 272 pager is ably supported by some 350 pictures, which range from a diorama of the Folsom men (who ranged the Southwest 12,000 years ago), through early prints on to photographs that I might have snapped last summer when our family vacationed in South Dakota.

Adults will read this book with fascination. But high-school youngsters—ah! I plan to bring it to the attention of mine just before *my* favorite TV program goes on!

From jacket: Posted Missing.

The great, restless seas shroud many haunting mysteries. Many ships have vanished, never to be seen again. Some have been found—minus their crews. Ghosts, sea serpents, even creatures from other worlds, have been blamed by the superstitious.

Alan Villiers isn't superstitious. For years he has tracked down the facts behind many of these disappearances. His *Posted Missing* (Charles Scribner's Sons, $4.75) is the result of this research. It's fascinating reading for landlubbers or seamen. Examples of his many stories: the *Mary Celeste* (all you may have heard about this one isn't true); the *Sao Paulo,* a 20,000-ton battleship which vanished without a trace.

I'm going around the office with a grin on my face, after being reminded of what Tom Sawyer said when he was asked to name the first two disciples. His answer: "David and Goliath."

—BARNABAS

BEST-SELLERS: NORTH, SOUTH, EAST, WEST

These books are current best-sellers in Cokesbury Book Stores, but listing does not necessarily constitute recommendation.—EDS.

Fiction:

And Walk in Love, **Henrietta Buckmaster** (Random House, $3.95).
The Tribe That Lost Its Head, **Nicolas Monsarrat** (Sloane, $4.95).
Don't Go Near the Water, **William Brinkley** (Random House, $3.95).
These Thousand Hills, **A. B. Guthrie** (Houghton-Mifflin, $3.95).
The Fountain Overflows, **Rebecca West** (Viking, $5).
The Year of Love, **Margaret Lee Runbeck** (Houghton-Mifflin, $3.25).

Non-Fiction:

Men to Match My Mountains, **Irving Stone** (Doubleday, $5.95).
The F. B. I. Story, **Don Whitehead** (Random House, $4.95).
The Nun's Story, **Kathryn Hulme** (Little, Brown, $4).
The New World, Vol. II, **Winston Churchill** (Dodd-Mead, $6).
The Bible as History, **Werner Keller** (Morrow, $5.95).
This Hallowed Ground, **Bruce Catton** (Doubleday, $5.95).

Rainbows in Our Living Room

By Ellen & John Anders

An early lesson in responsibility—feeding their pet fish.

TO GIVE your children a look at the wonder of another world, get a home aquarium—such as is pictured on page . Snails slide slowly along; bright fish dart and drift; green seaweed curls from the sand.

Here life's drama is acted every day. Creatures from the world of Neptune fight, cavort, give birth, and die—all before the wondering eyes of Sis and Junior.

Nobody knows how many fish bowls there are in America's homes. But there must be millions, judging from the $100-million business done every year by dealers who sell to fish fanciers. That adds up to a lot of aquariums (costing 59 cents to over $20), goldfish (10 cents to over $5), sand, seaweed, and frozen water fleas!

In our family, the hobby started Christmas before last. Passing a pet-store window, the kids begged for some goldfish. Santa listened, and delivered a five-gallon tank on Christmas Eve. Along with it, the thoughtful old gent provided sand, seaweed, a sunken ship, a snail, seven goldfish, and a good book about fish keeping: *All About Aquariums,* by Earl Schneider (Practical Science Publishing Co.).

We learned by doing, as the saying goes. Our first batch of underwater plants died, and the pet-shop dealer explained that more light was needed. So we bought an over-the-tank reflector. Through trial and error we've learned that it should burn at least 12 hours a day. Now our seaweed grows as well as the crab grass in the front lawn!

One of the most important things our family has learned is to ask questions at our local pet store. The dealer's advice has always been good, and the children look forward to seeing the birds and bubbling tanks of elaborate tropicals whenever we visit the store.

We started with seven goldfish in our five-gallon tank. Santa didn't know that this was too many and some of the fish died. But we soon learned that you should have no more than one inch of fish for each gallon of water. If anything, *under*crowd your aquarium! Your fish will be healthier.

Overfeeding also took its toll. Then we learned that a goldfish's stomach is not much bigger than its eye. So we began giving our fish only a small pinch of food once a day. Goldfish are gluttons—they'll stuff themselves to death, literally. It's up to you to control the amount of food they get.

Our children have learned how much food to put in the tank every morning. They take turns, and so they're getting an early lesson in sharing responsibility.

By all means put fish food in one of those little floating squares or triangles. This prevents food particles from drifting all over the aquarium, falling down, and polluting the water.

What kind of food? Fish, they say, enjoy a balanced diet, too—which means the usual wafers or dried ant eggs aren't enough. We supplement, in summertime, by dropping swatted flies into the fish tank. And sometimes the boys catch angleworms, which we dice into very small pieces.

A fish fan down the street feeds his pets water fleas. He keeps a small can in his refrigerator, over the futile protests of his long-suffering wife.

One of our biggest problems in getting started was cleaning the aquarium. We'd read that a "balanced" tank should be cleaned just once or twice a year. But ours seemed to need it every week.

After we solved the overcrowding problem, and after we learned how much our fish would eat, the tank-cleaning problem solved itself. We also added two efficient scavengers: catfish —the kids compare one of them to a vacuum cleaner—which gobble up the green plant organisms (algae) from the glass and plant leaves.

Now we go two months without cleaning and the aquarium is a showpiece in our living room.

Tropical fish, which are smaller and cleaner than goldfish, present fewer sanitary problems, so we're told. But goldfish are easier to keep. They thrive at ordinary room temperature, so no heater is needed for them. You don't need an aerator, either, although this is a "must" for tropicals.

The surface of your goldfish tank

will absorb enough oxygen from the air *provided:* 1) the tank isn't overcrowded and 2) the tank has a large surface exposed to the air.

Bowls are pretty, but they aren't always healthy, because not enough water is exposed to the air. When you are buying a tank, keep this important fact in mind. The rectangular variety is always best—framed in stainless steel. Other types look fine at first, but they are more subject to rust and corrosion.

When planning your family aquarium, don't use beach sand out of the children's sandbox. It's so tightly packed that plants won't grow. And it may contain fish-killing impurities. You're better off getting special aquarium sand from the pet shop in your neighborhood.

Whatever you do, avoid those brightly colored shell chips and marbles that some people put at the bottom of goldfish bowls. Food particles fall into the crevices where fish or scavengers can't get them. Then the water sours and the fish will die. And shell chips sometimes fade, giving the water an ugly red or bluish tinge.

Books have been written about the varieties of fish, plants, and scavengers for aquariums. The best thing is to find a reliable pet shop and follow its recommendations as to stocking your tank.

Like any other hobby, the fish fad can cost as much as you want to spend. A few common goldfish, bowl, and all the trimmings can be had for less than $2. Or you can lay out hundreds of dollars for a custom-built aquarium; spend $25 or more for one fish, and about that much for a single, rare, underwater plant.

Tropicals require a more elaborate layout—thermometer, heating unit, and aerator. But for $15 or $20 you can get a nice aquarium setup of this type.

At our house, the grownups have become fish fans too. There's something almost hypnotic about the underwater scene. Doctors prescribe aquarium-watching for some convalescents and mentally disturbed people—it seems to take them outside themselves, to rest, soothe, and relax.

We've never heard other fish fanciers say this in behalf of their hobby, but with us the aquarium has become an effective way of teaching our children their first lessons about life and death. The brightly lighted fish tank in our living room is a window into the wonder of God's universe for the children . . . and for us adults too.

What's Your Hobby?

Here's a chance for you to trade stamps, coins, recipes, patterns, or stories with someone in your own city or on the other side of the world. Each month TOGETHER will publish names and addresses of the Methodist hobbyists so that you can get in touch with them. If you want to be listed, send your name, address, and hobby to TOGETHER, 740 N. Rush St., Chicago 11, Ill. (Pen Pal entries are limited to those 18 years of age or less.)—Eds.

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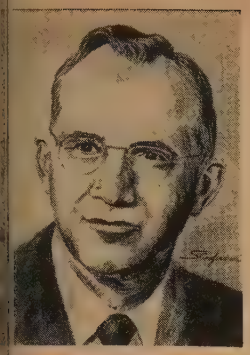

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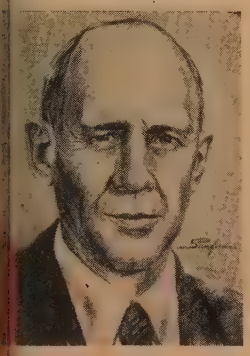

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Light Unto My Path

WEEKLY MEDITATIONS ON THE INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSONS

. . . who, on finding one pearl of great value, went and sold all that he had and bought it.—Matthew 13:45-46

THIS SHORT PASSAGE gives us some of Jesus' ideas about the kingdom of heaven. He believed that every man is looking for that kingdom. The merchant in search of fine pearls is seeking the best things in life, and Jesus believed that the kingdom of heaven is the best thing in life. Consciously or unconsciously, we are all seeking after this kingdom.

Jesus believed that any man will find the kingdom if he is willing to work as diligently and carefully in his prayer and devotional life as did the merchant who found the pearl of great value. Discovering spiritual treasures takes persistent effort. It doesn't "just happen" by chance.

Jesus believed that it is possible for any man to possess the kingdom of heaven in the same way the merchant acquired the pearl. He "sold all that he had," and bought it. We can't buy the kingdom, but the formula is clear: We must convert all our possessions, not merely a part of them, to the use of God's kingdom on earth.

PRAYER: Father, we pray for the personal guidance of thy Holy Spirit. Lead and empower us to make the supreme dedication of ourselves and our possessions so that we'll become citizens of the kingdom of heaven. In the name of Jesus Christ, Amen.

—HUGHES B. MORRIS

You know how to interpret the face of the heaven, but you cannot interpret the signs of the times.—Matthew 16:3

ALTHOUGH everyone is able somewhat to forecast the weather, no one is able to judge of himself what is right.

At the Brookhaven National Laboratory, we were shown progress made in nuclear research relating to such diverse fields as cosmic rays and the retarding of growth in human thyroid. Scientists there are dedicated and eager. These men seem to have a devotion that matches the best in Christian piety.

Yet there was no organized research into the problem of right and wrong uses of nuclear power. The chapel, still standing from Camp Upton days, is kept painted, but it is no longer used for worship services.

In the reactor building I asked a scientist, pointing to the uranium "pile" ten feet away inside thick walls, "What are the theological implications of this?" When he understood what I meant, he said nothing, but smiled benignly—as though he considered me slightly "balmy."

We are entitled to know what this newly found power, if unchecked, might do to the world of human relations. Somewhere there ought to be a panel of "experts" using the techniques of the Spirit, prayer, meditation, reflection, and reasoning to investigate this danger. All research should be guided by hope, faith and prayer. Only thus will God reveal himself.

PRAYER: O God, creator of all substance, but existent before all substance, we pray that men may walk forward in the path of reason, to the light of new revelation and of what is right. Amen.

—ROBERT H. DOLLIVER

"Who do you say that I am?" Simon Peter replied, "You are the Christ, the Son of the living God."—Matthew 16:15-16

ONE DAY we took our guests to "our great mountain." Travelers come from far places to see this shining mass that rises more than 14,000 feet above the sea. No visit to the Pacific Northwest is complete unless Mount Rainier has been seen in its majestic height and shining beauty.

That day the clouds hid the mountain. We drove through forests, crossed rivers, saw waterfalls, traveled mountain roads, but could not see the mountain. We ate our lunch near timberline and waited for the clouds to open, but in vain.

The time came for us to turn back toward the city. Disappointed, we started down. It was only as we changed our position that we looked up, and there the mountain was. As the clouds broke, a shout went up, "There it is!" We had discovered the mountain.

Peter and the other disciples had been with Jesus for some time. They had not found the real nature of the One they were following. Then, one day

Dr. Rall Answers Your Questions

Harris Franklin Rall
Professor Emeritus, Garrett Biblical Institute.

Q What is the Methodist concept of the Lord's Supper?

The Lord's Supper is a service of commemoration: "Do this in remembrance of me." We commemorate Christ's death for us and remember that last evening.

It is a service of communion: a communion with God in which we receive his grace, a communion with one another in the fellowship of faith and worship, and communion in the Body of Christ; that is, the whole Church.

Q Does The Methodist Church teach that the Lord is actually present as we celebrate the Lord's Supper?

We believe in the personal-spiritual presence of Christ, which is real for the believer. We do not believe that the bread and wine are transformed into the actual physical body and blood of Christ, as the Roman Catholics teach, through a miracle performed by the priest.

Q Who wrote the Apostles' Creed?

It was not written by the apostles, but it does, substantially, reflect their basic thinking. Scholars believe this creed was written at the beginning of the second century. Here is probably its oldest form, known as the Old Roman Creed:

"I believe in God, the Father Almighty; and in Christ Jesus, his only Son, our Lord, who was born of the Holy Ghost and the Virgin Mary, crucified under Pontius Pilate and buried, the third day he rose from the dead, he ascended into heaven, sitteth at the right hand of the Father, thence he shall come to judge living and dead. And in the Holy Ghost, the Holy Church, the remission of sins, the resurrection of the flesh."

It will be seen that only slight changes in form have been made through the centuries. Today this creed is used by all churches: Roman Catholic, Protestant, and Eastern Orthodox.

Q What is the Methodist position on divorce? Did our Lord forbid divorce?

Methodism forbids its ministers to solemnize the marriage of a divorced person where the husband or wife is still living—except where the "cause for divorce was adultery or other vicious conditions which, through physical cruelty or physical peril, invalidated the marriage vow."

As to Jesus' teaching, see Mark 10:1-12 and Matthew 19:1-9. According to Matthew, Jesus countenanced divorce only in the case of adultery.

Q Does The Methodist Church forbid dancing?

The *Discipline* of The Methodist Episcopal Church formerly warned against dancing. But the present Methodist *Discipline* makes no such pronouncement. It does, however, contain the *General Rules* in which John Wesley said that Methodists are expected to avoid "taking such diversions as cannot be used in the name of the Lord Jesus."

Peter discovered Jesus. "You are the Christ!"

So may it be for us. We know about Jesus. We go to church and take part in its services. We call upon God in his name, but we may never have really found him. To do this is the greatest of all possible discoveries.

PRAYER: Thou who hast created the mountains and the clouds, who hast given us the power to discover the wonders of thy creation, enable us to also discover that in thy Son we come to know thee best. Amen.

—CYRUS E. ALBERTSON

. . . Jesus said to him, "I do not say to you seven times, but seventy times seven."—Matthew 18:21-22

WHEN the motor coughed a few times and stopped, I thought we were out of gas. But the problem proved to be a sticky float valve that would not allow gas to flow into the carburetor.

A properly working carburetor float has its own personal kind of formula. It will not accept more gasoline from the tank until the carburetor has fed into the engine in the form of power what it already has. It is a simple and a practical formula that can be suggestive for daily living.

In its way it is like the Christian formula of forgiveness. We cannot ask God's forgiveness until we use the spirit of forgiveness that he already has given us. Jesus put it quite plainly when the disciples asked him how they should pray: "forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us . . ."

To be forgiven we must be forgiving. Jesus explained this by saying, "If you forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your father forgive your trespasses."

We are like that cantankerous carburetor float: It wouldn't give, so it couldn't get, and the motor coughed and died from lack of power.

Forgiveness must be lived. "If you forgive," Jesus said, "your heavenly Father will also forgive you." How many times? Seven? Yes, and seventy times seven. Forgiveness cannot be simply received and stored. To accept it is to use it.

PRAYER: Father God, teach me to forgive others so that I also may be forgiven. Amen.

—E. JERRY WALKER

NEWS of the world parish

METHODIST EDUCATORS CHART 4-YEAR PLAN

Aims of The Methodist Church's four-year program to expand and strengthen its 118 related schools and colleges were spelled out at Philadelphia.

Leading church educators and members of the Commission on Higher Education, at their annual meetings, adopted a "working blueprint" for:

Deeper appreciation of Christian higher education.

Stronger relations between Methodist institutions and the church.

Recruitment and training of the most gifted Methodist students to meet the increasing demands for church and teaching personnel.

More alumni support.

More Methodists in Methodist schools.

Moral and financial support of every annual conference.

Wider observance of Methodist Student Day and Race Relations Sunday (when a special offering is taken for 13 Negro colleges).

Special efforts in campus evangelism.

No national fund goal was set, but Bishop Paul N. Garber, Richmond, Va., commission chairman, predicted Methodist annual-conference support will total $100 million.

Last year Methodist schools spent $40 million in new construction.

Each annual conference will be asked to organize a committee on Christian higher education and strive to reach the goal of $1.30 per member annually in support of Methodist schools.

A number of special events have been planned for 1957 to help explain the program. Among them: publication of a popular book on the Methodist heritage in higher education.

At a Board of Education meeting later in Atlantic City, N.J., plans were announced to boost enrollment at Methodism's 10 theological seminaries from 3,000 to 4,500. Each year 1,200 to 1,500 college graduates will be recruited.

The board also:

- Heard about editorial division plans to launch a new magazine for older youth. The first issue, in *Reader's Digest* format, is expected in October.
- Learned that Methodist Sunday school membership in 1956 totaled 6,947,238—a gain of 132,160 over the previous year. The Southeastern Jurisdiction led the country with an increase of 47,576 members.

PASTORS TOLD:

Laymen Should Be Pivots

A Midwestern bishop and a New York seminary president are asking pastors to pivot their church work around laymen's needs and talents.

Bishop Richard C. Raines, of the Indiana Area, addressing the Chicago Methodist Ministers' Association, criticized pastors who consider laymen "religious amateurs."

Trying to spread Christianity without laymen's help, he went on, is like "fighting a war with generals only."

President Henry P. Van Dusen, of Union Theological Seminary, told 350 women attending a lecture series, "The church must center her efforts on how she can do more for the laity, rather than how the laity can do more for the church."

A GOOD WORD FOR

Churches in Chicagoland

Visiting area churches to see what big changes had taken place in the last 20 years, Chicago *Tribune* newshen Norma Lee Browning concluded:

The modern church "is not only a house of worship, but a social center competing with television and other attractions."

First Methodist Church, Evanston, Ill., she found, has one of the biggest and best-equipped under-2 nurseries in the area. The Methodist Temple in Chicago's Loop was praised, too, particularly for its young adult program.

FILM SHOWS

Churchgoers in Russia

A Soviet-made documentary on a visit to Russia by nine representatives of the National Council of Churches last March has been shown in New York. (Charles C. Parlin, New York lawyer and prominent Methodist layman, was among the nine.)

U.S. church authorities say the hour-long film proves that the American visitors were right when they said almost the only worshipers in Russia are elderly women.

LUTHER MOVIE:

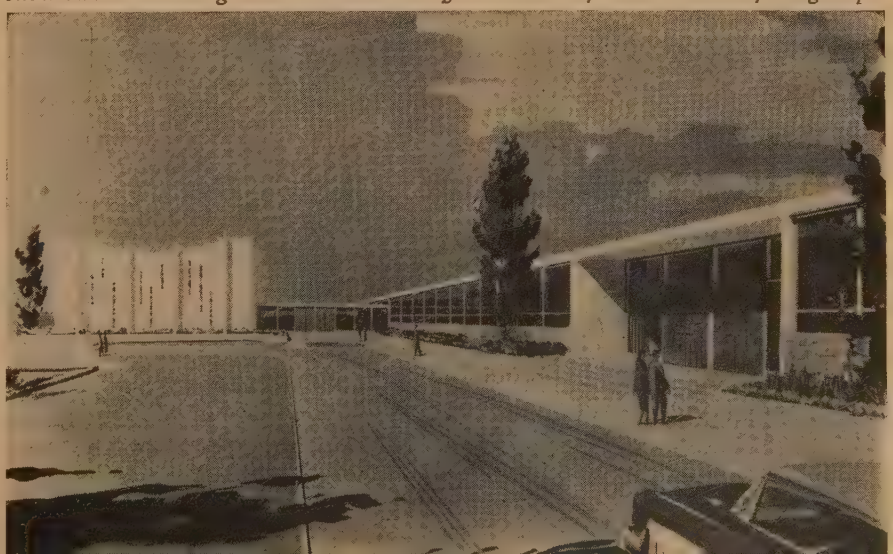
'End the Bitterness'

Roman Catholics as well as Protestants are asking station WGN-TV (Chicago) to reconsider its decision cancelling the television premiere of the *Martin Luther* movie.

Protestant leaders have attributed the cancellation to Roman Catholic pressure groups. Highly placed Catholic officials, however, have remained silent on the controversy.

The Roman Catholic Church has not banned the film, the Chicago Daily *News* recently noted. Although the Catholic Legion of Decency cited the movie as a "sympathetic" representation, it holds that the picture contains theological and historical references,

The Pennsylvania Council of Churches is planning this $570,000 headquarters in suburban Harrisburg. It will house the offices and conference rooms of 19 groups.



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Please enter my attached drawing in your "Draw Me" contest. **(PLEASE PRINT)**

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*County*_____ *State*_____ *Occupation*_____

and interpretations "unacceptable to Catholics."

The *News'* solution: show the film and end the bitterness.

METHODIST MEN

Win National Honor

Two Methodists—Alabama's attorney general and a New England schoolteacher—were among the U.S. Junior Chamber of Commerce's Ten Outstanding Young Men of 1956.

They were John Patterson, 36, son of former State Attorney General Albert L. Patterson, who was assassinated three years ago in Phenix City, Ala., and Millard Harmon, 31, of Newton, Mass.

Elected to take his father's place, Mr. Patterson led a crack-down on vice and corruption throughout the state.

Mr. Harmon, an extensive writer in the field of education, repeatedly has turned down lucrative administrative positions, editorships, and industrial jobs to remain in his junior high classroom in Newton.

Methodist Bishop G. Bromley Oxnam, Washington, D.C., was among those on the chamber's selection panel.

COUNCIL WANTS

Sermons on Safety

Religious backing for a nation-wide safe-driving campaign during Lent is being sought by the National Safety Council. Ned Dearborn, president, said clergymen from coast to coast will be asked to preach on the Golden Rule as it applies to modern motorists. "Nowhere," he explained, "can man act better as his brother's keeper than behind the wheel of a car." The special drive will last from March 6 to April 21.

Methodist leaders have pioneered in lining up the backing of young people in highway safety efforts. Among other steps, the church has approved special Sunday-school lessons on the theme.

TEN COMMANDMENTS

A Communist Version

The Communist party headquarters in Novosibirsk, Russia, has rewritten the Ten Commandments for Polish youth:

"You shall not forget that the clergy is the avowed enemy of the State and of Communism.

"If you are not a convinced atheist, you cannot be a good Communist nor a loyal citizen of the Soviet State. Atheism is permanently linked with Communism, and these two ideals are the foundations of power in Russia."

The Rev. Simon Peter Montgomery (left), pastor of the Old Mystic Methodist Church, is the first Negro chaplain of the Connecticut House of Representatives. He succeeds the Rev. G. S. King (right), a Congregational minister.

CHAMBER GIVES

60 Acres for Children

A 60-acre tract for a child-welfare center has been presented to The Methodist Church by the Beckley, W.Va., Chamber of Commerce.

Bishop Lloyd C. Wicke of the Pittsburgh Area accepted the deed. Work probably will begin next spring and authorities hope eventually to have facilities for 100 children.

CRIME STORIES

Bible, Papers Use Them

The Bible and today's newspapers cover crime stories as a means of educating the public. Churchmen and journalists recently agreed on this at a religious-news conference at the University of Florida.

Delegates also agreed that clergymen and lay workers need better understanding of the press and other mass-communications media.

One newsman, who described the Bible as "the world's finest journalistic effort," nominated three Biblical writers for all-time Pulitzer prizes: Moses for his editing job on the Ten Commandments; Luke for the "clearness, vividness, truthfulness, and human interest" of his reporting; and Paul for his "editorials" (the Epistles).

$1½ MILLION GRANT

Assures New Seminary

The Kresge Foundation of Detroit has offered to foot half the bill for a $3,000,000 Methodist seminary that

METHODIST ALMANACK

A Miscellaney of Dates & Divers Interesting Matters for People Called Methodist

The sting of a reproach is the truth of it—B. Franklin

FEBRUARY hath XXVIII days — 2nd Month

Take winter as you find him, and he turns out to be a thoroughly honest fellow with no nonsense in him, and tolerating none in you.—Lowell

15	Fr	Susan B. Anthony b. 1812
16	Sa	American Legion starts in Paris, 1919
17	S	Begin Brotherhood Week
18	M	*Pilgrim's Progress* printed, 1678
19	Tu	*Tart words make no friends*
20	W	Paper makers first use rags, 1417
21	Th	Washington Monument dedicated, 1885
22	Fr	C. Washington b. 1732
23	Sa	John Wesley preaches last sermon, 1791
24	S	*The worst wheel of the cart*
25	M	*Makes the most noise*
26	Tu	Wm. "Buffalo Bill" Cody b. 1846
27	W	Umbrellas appear in America, 1770
28	Th	Republican party begins, 1854

■ It had been started 37 years earlier, but when vandals cast a block of marble into the Potomac, the public was shocked and withdrew support. The unfinished shaft stood 20 years until Uncle Sam took over the project. It cost him $1,500,000.

■ Some onlookers shook their heads, criticized users for defying the will of God, who made the rain to fall "on the just and on the unjust" alike.

MARCH hath XXXI days — 3rd Month

The stormy March has come at last,
With winds and clouds and changing skies;
I hear the rushing of the blast
That through the snowy valley flies.—Bryant

1	Fr	Ohio 154 years old today
2	Sa	Texas Independence Day
3	S	Week of Dedication starts
4	M	*A child thinks 20 shillings and*
5	Tu	*20 years can scarce ever be spent*
6	W	Ash Wednesday
7	Th	Bell patents telephone, 1876
8	Fr	World Day of Prayer
9	Sa	Learn by heart Matthew 18:21-22
10	S	First Sunday in Lent Day of Dedication
11	M	F. D. R. signs Lend-Lease Bill, 1941
12	Tu	Girl Scouts begin, 1912 (See page 26)
13	W	First Uncle Sam cartoon appears, 1852
14	Th	E. Whitney patents cotton gin, 1794

■ The week is set aside to re-think and re-dedicate, to spy out challenges around the globe. Week-of-Dedication offerings undergird Methodist mission projects.

■ In 10 days he worked out a principle that is still in use, but got meager thanks. Curious crowds broke into his shop, stole first working model of the machine. When imitations began to appear, Whitney sued, but legal action was slow. He turned to making firearms, earned a fortune.

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EACH SHEET WITH A PHOTO OF YOUR CHURCH
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There are three boxes in the puzzle. In each box are four letters that form a word. We start you off by writing the last letter of each word in the squares above the boxes. Can you put the other letters in the correct squares? Try it and see. When you have unscrambled the words, write the three-word sentence in the coupon and mail for FREE GIFT!

Here are 3 favorite styles of Artistic All-Occasion Greeting Cards in one handy assortment for birthdays, anniversary, congratulations and other occasions. You would gladly pay 15c to 25c for each. Yet all 21 cards—with 21 envelopes—are yours FREE when you answer our puzzle. Solve and mail NOW!

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We're running this Test to find people with active minds who want to make money. We can show you how easy it is to get spare time orders for our Greeting Card Box Assortments, Stationery and Gift Items from friends, neighbors and co-workers. They are so beautiful, so different, so amazingly low in cost they sell themselves.

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We'll send you a full 21-card assortment of All-Occasion Greeting Cards (minimum retail value $1.25) ABSOLUTELY FREE when you answer our Puzzle. You don't pay a single cent for them—now or ever. But you must hurry! We reserve the right to reject entries dated 60 days after the month printed on the cover of this publication. Mail answer today for your gift box, FREE Stationery Samples and other assortments ON APPROVAL. Only one entry accepted from each household. Write to **ARTISTIC CARD CO.**, 785 Way St., Elmira, N. Y. In Canada, write 103 Simcoe St., Toronto 1, Ont.

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2nd WORD

3rd WORD

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ORGANIZATIONS! Ask for tested Fund-Raising Plan that has helped thousands of church groups, clubs, lodges, schools and community associations raise money. Check here ☐

will be built in Washington, D.C.

The offer—a $1,500,000 grant contingent on a matching amount to be raised by the church—was announced by Bishop G. Bromley Oxnam and President Norman L. Trott of Westminster Theological Seminary. Methodists already have pledged $750,000 of their half.

The new school, to be on the campus of American University, will be a redevelopment of Westminster (a former Methodist Protestant Church school), now located in Westminster, Md. Ground will be broken in April for the first of six buildings.

Bishop Oxnam said the grant "assures the building of the first theological seminary in the nation's capital under the auspices of a Protestant church."

CHURCH WOMEN'S GROUPS:

WSCS Is the Largest

Methodism's Woman's Society of Christian Service now is the largest group of church ladies in America—and probably in the world—church statisticians have discovered. WSCS membership is 1,790,441—23,000 more than a year ago—in 31,061 local societies. Mrs. J. Fount Tillman of Lewisburg, Tenn., is national president.

Last year, members paid $17,225,263 for work within their local parishes and $10,152,759 for missions and other outside services.

SUMMER MISSIONARIES

150 Students Volunteer

Some 150 Methodist college students are volunteering for missionary service at home and abroad this summer, according to the Rev. R. Claude Singleton of the Board of Missions.

They will lead worship services, mend fences, do social work, and teach food canning in eight missionary-service projects. Fifty will travel in Europe and spend three weeks in a Methodist work camp in Austria.

BLINDED COLUMNIST

Warns of Red Musclemen

New York labor columnist Victor Riesel, blinded by an acid thrower, has told churchmen that gangsters and Communists used these same tactics to gain control of American labor.

Speaking from a New York pulpit, Riesel said the underworld and Communism "made inroads into the American labor movement" by using terror and blackmail, using distinguished Americans as fronts, appearing as the champion of (*Continued on page 70*)

Letters

(*Continued from page 6*) enrollment of 100,000 new members, as announced in the Newsletter [October TOGETHER, page 7]. I hope they will not be just 100,000 Methodist seat warmers.

I have noted for some time that nearly all presenting themselves for membership have been simply on the words "profession of faith," giving nothing more as evidence of a desire to find a new life than giving the hand to the minister and being accepted.

I have observed a number of such additions to the church-membership rolls and none, so far as I know, have entered an active Christian life or taken part in the duties of Christian service. They usually seem interested in church membership for its prestige and social affairs.

However, I know there are those who, by faith and a contrite heart, have gradually grown in grace and have become devout, witnessing Christians.

Orchid From 'Down Under'

ARTHUR W. PRESTON
West End Methodist Mission
Brisbane, Australia

Please accept the congratulations of an Australian Methodist on TOGETHER. Through the goodness of Dr. Karl Quimby of New York, who organized a lecture and preaching programme for me in your country in 1952, I have been a regular recipient of the *Christian Advocate* since that time. This has enabled me to keep in touch with the life of our American church and to keep abreast with its spirit.

In your new magazine you have undoubtedly made a great step forward which I am sure will be reflected in the life and witness of Methodist people in your country.

May the blessing of God continue to rest upon your service for him through this important medium.

'Edited With Open Mind'

CARL B. ABLESON, *Fund Raiser*
Houston, Tex.

Recently I received a copy of TOGETHER and certainly enjoyed reading all of the articles.

It is a particular habit of mine to closely examine all church publications, and it is my personal belief that this magazine is the best in its field. The departmentalization of the contents is most unique and certainly it is edited with an open mind.

Hopes to Help Polio Victim

LUCY E. ELLIS
Wethersfield, Conn.

That article, "I Thought I'd Been Retired at 28" [November TOGETHER, page 25], certainly has been very far-reaching and in many cases I know I am going to be able to stimulate people into doing things they never thought possible before. At least it starts them thinking.

My favorite letter to date is from a polio victim who is flat and mentally very much down. Am working out a way she can use a tape recorder, and as a friend of hers wrote me again yesterday, she is happy again. It is so much easier to try something from someone who has been through it himself.

The Sunday after the article came out Mr. Worley, the minister of the First Methodist Church, preached about it in his sermon. One thing he said was that in his life he would only be able to preach to a few thousand people and that I had carried my message to half a million.

Something Scientists Can't Do

MRS. KENNETH LINDSAY
Manaua, Wis.

While the experts were arguing in the Midmonth Powwow about whether or not we should ban big-scale bomb tests [November TOGETHER, page 16] a few lines came to my mind expressing a truth which all Christians should be aware of:

Man can make an atomic bomb
With precision and with speed,
But he can't make a cabbage head
Nor a tiny petunia seed.

Birds of a Feather Get Together

MRS. DESMOND WALKER
Church-school Teacher,
Mitchellville, Md.

May God richly bless each and every one of you who had a part in making possible such a wonderful magazine as TOGETHER. I have enjoyed every feature and page therein. Especially was I delighted to find a section devoted to "What's Your Hobby?" I would enjoy very much the privilege of being listed in the directory [page 64] under the category *Antique Glass* so that I may correspond with others who are likewise interested. . .

MONROE DeLuxe Model Folding Pedestal Tables in 20 sizes and finishes; 16 other Monroe Folding Table styles and sizes.

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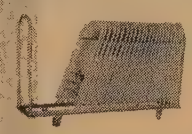
Monroe Steel Folding Chairs in attractive range of styles, sizes and prices. Excel in comfort, easy handling and durability. Also full line of non-folding chairs, desks and combinations for classroom, cafeteria and church school use.

TRUCKS FOR FOLDING CHAIRS



Folding Chair Trucks for moving, handling and storing folding chairs. All steel, electrically welded. Swivel casters. Several models & sizes including special table-and-chair.

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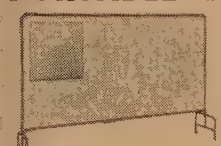
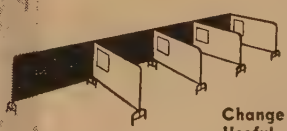


Monroe's new movable partitions sturdily built and handsome in appearance. Smooth masonite panels in tubular steel frames.



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(*Continued from page 68*) the working man, and employing unscrupulous lawyers whose aim was to "beat the law rather than uphold it."

METHODISTS SHARE

Bonanza from Du Pont

Thirteen Methodist-related schools will receive portions of a $1,000,000 aid-to-education grant to be made by E. I. du Pont de Nemours and Co.

The Methodist portion: for teaching assistantships and research in chemistry, Northwestern and Duke universities; for fellowships in chemistry, Syracuse University; for the general scientific program, Northwestern, Duke, Syracuse, Allegheny College, Birmingham-Southern College, Central College, Cornell College, DePauw University, Emory University, Lawrence College, Mount Union College, Ohio Wesleyan University, and Wesleyan University in Middletown, Conn.

SCOTSMAN SPEAKS

Christian Unity Distant

Unity among Christians in any community is more important than world Christian unity, according to a president of the World Council of Churches, Dr. John Baillie, Edinburgh, Scotland. Speaking to Friends of the World Council in New York, he admitted that church union is a long way off. However, he urged Christians, who work and live together all week but "separate on Sunday to worship God," to prepare their minds for reunion.

"Our coming together should come . . . as a result of Christian statesmanship and genuine theological thinking," Dr. Baillie said.

WORLD COUNCIL

Starts New Racial Study

The World Council of Churches is launching a three-way race-relations study. Its object is to discover:

1. How methods of improving race relations in one country can be borrowed by another.

2. How methods used elsewhere can be applied in the U.S.

3. How WCC can help improve race relations.

Dr. J. Oscar Lee, executive director, Department of Racial and Cultural Relations of the National Council of Churches, will head the project.

EMPLOYEE RELATIONS

Mix Coffee and Religion

A "religious coffee break" has been started for employees of a Chicago firm. The president, Peter Volid, is an active Jewish layman.

Once a week, a Protestant, Catholic,

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ONGRESS CONSIDERS

Crackdown on Filth

Publishers and sellers of pornography ace a sudden crackdown, if two bills ow pending in Congress are passed. Sen. Estes Kefauver (D.-Tenn.), hairman of the Senate Juvenile Delnquency Committee, wants to author-e police to seize all equipment used producing or distributing pornographic material.

In the House, Rep. John Dowdy D.-Tex.), chairman of a subcommittee nvestigating pornography, is sponsorng a bill allowing publishers of indeent literature to be tried wherever such ail is received. Under present law ney can be tried only where it mailed.

MPIRE CITY

More Study Religion

More public-school pupils in New ork City are taking religious instruction this year than ever before. The oard of education announces a total f 117,266 children are participating—,644 more than last year.

When the program began 15 years go, only 3,151 students studied reigion during the one hour a week set side for optional instruction.

ILLS IN CONGRESS

Ask Ban on Plane Drinks

Legislation of special interest to hurch people is up for consideration by Congress this session. Among most sigificant proposals are bills to:

- Ban alcoholic beverages on comnercial airlines.
- Make tuition payments to religious chools tax deductible.
- Make Good Friday a legal holiday.
- Permit missionaries abroad to buy t armed-forces commissaries and post xchanges.
- Allow naturalized clergymen and nembers of religious orders to work broad for long periods without jeopardizing their citizenship.

ROTHERHOOD WEEK

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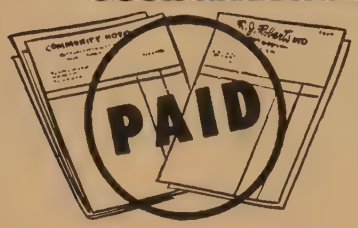

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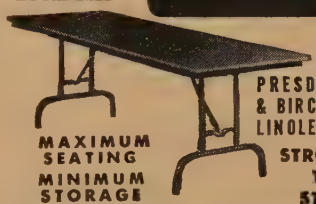

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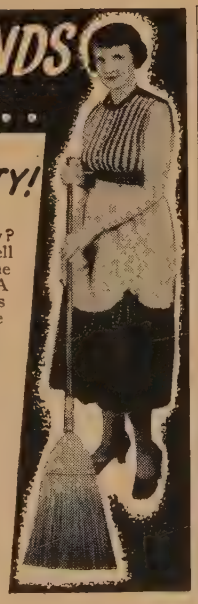

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Jews, is being celebrated from Feb. 17 to 24. Its theme: "That people shall live as one family of man."

President Eisenhower is honorary chairman and Louis B. Seltzer, editor of *The Cleveland Press,* is national chairman. Co-chairmen are the Rev. Ralph W. Sockman, pastor, Christ Church, Methodist, New York City; Msgr. Edward G. Murray, Sacred Heart Rectory, Roslindale, Mass., and Rabbi Abba Hillel Silver, of the Temple of Cleveland.

Brotherhood Week now is celebrated in Canada and parts of Europe and Asia, as well as the U.S.

MORALS FOR MOVIES

New Code of Ethics

The Motion Picture Association of America has revised its self-regulatory morals code for the first time since the code was adopted in 1930.

The new provisions ease up on most former bans but still adhere to the idea of high moral standards, Eric Johnston, MPAA president, says.

News Digest . . .

A MOTION PICTURE documenting the development of a leadership-training program in a local church was filmed at the Ionia (Mich.) Methodist Church. The movie, *It Happened in Ionia,* is being produced by the General Board of Education.

BRITAIN'S NEW prime minister, Harold Macmillan, has a dash of Methodism in his background. During his fall tour of the United States, he visited the Methodist church in Spencer, Ind., where his mother sang in the choir as a teen-ager.

FIFTEEN HUNDRED EXTRA COPIES of the January-February Hungarian edition of *The Upper Room,* devotional guide published by the Methodist General Board of Evangelism, have been printed for Hungarian refugees in Austria, the U.S., and Canada.

TAIWAN-Hong Kong Provisional Annual Conference now is the newest unit in the world-wide Methodist Church. It was formed last December after authorization by the 1956 General Conference.

METHODIST EDUCATOR Chancellor William P. Tolley of Syracuse University has awarded President Eisenhower the George Washington Carver Memorial Institute gold medal for his "outstanding contribution to betterment of race relations and human welfare" in 1956.

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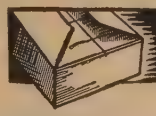
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Let's Get Acquainted

Arthur Gordon

TODAY there are two million American Girl Scouts. On page 26, **Arthur Gordon** tells the story of *My Aunt Daisy,* the Georgia woman who founded this great movement. Gordon, also a Georgian, is a former Rhodes Scholar and magazine editor who turned free-lance writer nine years ago. His novel, *Reprisal,* was a Literary Guild selection in 1950. He spoofs his labors: "I work about three hours a day, from 9 to 12, and then put on such a show of exhaustion that everyone is convinced it's real, including myself." Whom does he mean by *everyone?* Why, his wife and four daughters—all dyed-in-the-wool Girl Scout enthusiasts, of course.

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With Brotherhood Week (Feb. 17-24) upon us, the tender story of *My Little Boy Grows Up,* page 16, takes on special significance. This unpretentious work of **Carl Ewald** first appeared in his native Denmark shortly after the turn of the century—but the point it makes is just as true today as it was 50-odd years ago. Ewald, son of one author and father of another, died in 1908, his works largely unknown outside his native land. Both his father and his son were more famous.

●

Wife, mother of two teen-age children, lecturer, writer, pastor of the Union Parish in Groton, Mass. That's the Rev. **Margaret Blair Johnstone,** who gives you a new slant on a universal problem in *Where Real Charity Begins,* page 43. Mrs. Johnstone writes extensively on family problems for national magazines. And she has counseled thousands who have written her for guidance after reading her articles.

●

Jim Scott, who tells about *Samaritans of the Snowy Slopes* on page 19, is an outstanding sports authority—and a prolific writer in many fields. Sports editor of *The Berkeley Gazette* in California, he also is associate editor of *Fortnight* magazine, writes a weekly sports column for *The Los Angeles Times.*

●

For the small fry in the family, here are the answers to the "Happy Birthday" puzzle, page 51: Lindbergh, Edison, Lincoln, Washington, and Buffalo Bill.

OUR CAMERA CLIQUE

Leon V. Kofod, who photographed the Congo Leprosy Colony (opposite page), is a globe-trotting minister-photographer who lives on Long Island, N.Y., has traveled in nearly 75 countries. . . Here are photo credits for the month—and lens data on some of the pictures:

(Credits are separated from left to right by comma; top to bottom by dashes.) Bot., bottom; cen., center; exc., except; lf., left; rt., right.

1—Leo Aarons ● 2—Harris and Ewing ● 9—Bettmann Archive ● 10—Studio Phebus ● 12—Loomis Studios ● 13—lf., J. F. Knox ● 14—Los Angeles Rams—Ricardo Studios ● 15—U.S. Navy—Frank Cowan, Seventeen ● 19-20—Ernie Shickler ● 22-25—Robert F. McCullough (Leica, natural light and bounce Strob, Tri-X-Ilford HPS film, with forced development) ● 26-27—National Girl Scout News Bureau ● 31—top to bot., (1) Methodist Prints (3) Bureau of Indian Affairs (5) Ezra Cox, Board of Missions (6) Religious News Service (7) Church Extension ● 32—Milton Snow, Bureau of Indian Affairs ● 32 & 33—Archie Lieberman, Black Star ● 33—Milton Snow, Bureau of Indian Affairs ● 34—Bureau of American Ethnology, Smithsonian Institution ● 35-38—Jack Stager, Globe Photos ● 39—rt., Mike Roberts ● 40—Josef Muench, Woodbridge Metcalf ● 41—Woodbridge Metcalf, Josef Muench ● 42—Rapho-Guillumette—Mike Roberts ● 43—Jack Manning, courtesy of Woman's Home Companion ● 49—Louisiana State University ● 61—Charles W. Keysor (Rolleiflex, light from tank and room lamp, Tri-X film, F4 at 1/5 sec.) ● 65—Religious News Service ● 67—Hartford (Conn.) Times ● 74—Brandt and Brandt ● 75—Leon V. Kofod (Exakta, natural light, Kodachrome) ● 76—Robert F. McCullough (Rolleiflex, multiple flash, Anscochrome)

flights between Chicago and Los Angeles. Passenger reaction is described as "very favorable."

SEVEN YOUTHS who admitted bombing a Skokie, Ill., synagogue have been sentenced to a year of church attendance. An eighth, who balked, was directed to attend weekly sessions of traffic court. Penalties were issued by a justice of the peace.

THE CLEVELAND Indians' star first baseman, Victor (Vic) Wertz, was featured speaker at a father-son banquet in First Methodist Church, Warren, Ohio.

DREW UNIVERSITY, Madison, N.J., students have raised more than $800 for Hungarian relief.

UNITED NATIONS MEDITATION room, New York, was enlarged and remodeled with help from the U.S. laymen's movement.

THE CHRISTIAN BUSINESSMEN'S Committee of Miami wants Bible reading and religious education in Dade County public schools. Members fear America is pushing God out of its life and is heading the way of the Roman Empire.

EACH FAMILY of Hillcrest Methodist congregation, Bloomington, Minn., has received a key to the front door of the church's new $100,000 building, officially opened by Bishop D. Stanley Coors of St. Paul.

SPRINGFIELD, MINN., Methodist Men sold containers of ground grit to motorists in slippery weather. With each box came this verse:

A handful of grit
Will stop that slip;
Instead of a swear
Drive on with a prayer.

MALE QUARTETS are tuning up for the July National Conference of Methodist Men at Purdue University, where each of American Methodism's 37 episcopal areas will be represented by a singing foursome. The quartets will combine to form a mammoth chorus for general sessions.

LEPROSY:

Medical Breakthrough?

Leprosy (Hansen's disease), a concern of churches and missionaries for centuries, is being fought with a new medical weapon—BCG vaccine, long-used to produce immunity against tuberculosis. It is the latest of numerous drugs and surgical techniques tried in recent years.

In mission hospitals of India, Africa,

nd Japan, doctors are isolating children whose parents have leprosy and re vaccinating them with BCG to uild up immunity. And in laboraories, scientists are experimenting with BCG combined with other medicines.

Hand surgery and rehabilitation of mbs deformed by leprosy have made major advances in recent years—largely hrough the pioneering work of a oung medical missionary from Lonon, Dr. Paul Brand. He established The Place of New Life," a model leper illage, in India. Here patients learn ow to become self-supporting and rotect their hands from further injury. Dr. Brand's surgery restores hand ovement, but it cannot bring back he sense of touch which leprosy detroys.)

Actually leprosy is not highly contaious. About 95 per cent of all adults re thought to be naturally immune to . At the National Leprosarium of the J. S. Public Health Service in Carville, a., not a single staff member has ever ontracted the disease.

Young children seem to be most susceptible to Hansen's disease. They et it, doctors believe, after prolonged ontact with an active case. Symptoms o not usually show up until later life, owever.

Dr. Robert G. Cochrane, a leading uthority on the disease and the man whose experiments made sulfone idely acceptable, warns that dependnce on drugs can lead to neglect of eprosy's basic problem: prevention, dtection, and treatment of early cases.

Successful experiments in facial plasic surgery are now being carried out. Other drugs are being tested in the ope a new one will be discovered which will work more rapidly than ulfone.

Scientists are still trying to grow leposy bacteria in the laboratory. But esearch is hampered because no one as been able to produce the organism n cultures or in animals.

Ever since history began, leprosy has een one of mankind's terrors. Its vicims have been ostracized—known as "living dead men." Even today, most f the world's 10 million lepers are doomed to live and die in complete isoation. The public stigma is much the ame as it was in Bible days when epers were greeted by the cry "Unlean!" Lepers cured by the new drugs re not usually welcomed back into ociety.

Here lies one of the greatest probems to overcome, according to medical nen and missionaries. For unless the x-leper can resume his life outside a olony, the medical rehabilitation picured on this page cannot be complete.

Every day hundreds of lepers are treated with new drugs in Oicha in the Belgian Congo. Word of the "magic" medicine brings them from villages, plains and jungles. American Leprosy Missions, an interdenominational organization in which Methodists participate, helps some 160 similar hospitals and clinics in 32 countries.

A skillful surgeon, using methods devised by Dr. Paul Brand, reconstructs the twisted hand of a young Indian leper. The operation takes about 90 minutes.

Soon this sleeping boy will be able to use his deformed hand again. He will learn a trade and earn a living, thanks to Dr. Brand, young missionary surgeon.

The sulfone drug, which revolutionized the treatment of leprosy, is administered orally and by injection at the Nyankanda Leprosy Colony in the Belgian Congo. Studies show no serious relapse in 252 cases. Only 15 patients suffered slight setbacks.

Is it in your school and public libraries?

"Our youngsters scramble for TOGETHER,*" writes Irven Herther, superintendent of the high school at Garden City, S. D. "Everyone finds something to interest him or her in each issue."*

That's typical of comment being received from teachers and librarians. And it's surprising—because the first issue of TOGETHER came out last October, you'll remember. How do school and public libraries know about TOGETHER? Why are so many receiving it? The answer is that generous Methodists, interested in providing youth with good literature, are subscribing.

If you are like-minded and would go and do likewise, it's easy. For just $3, you can put 12 issues of TOGETHER in schools, libraries, hospitals, barbershops, doctors' offices, or you name it. If yours is already a TOGETHER All-Family church, ask your pastor to include your gift subscriptions at the special $2-a-year rate. Just send payment and instructions to:

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XX-PS-3. Latin Cross.

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		Rayon	Faille	Felt
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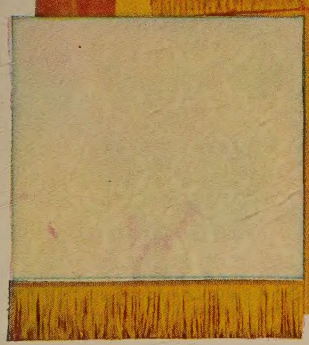
XX-PS-2.	IHS Symbol	**$38.00**	**$31.00**	**$22.00**
XX-PS-3.	Latin Cross	**$30.00**	**$23.00**	**$21.00**
XX-PS-4.	Cross & Crown	**$38.00**	**$31.00**	**$22.00**

For scarves over 36", add per inch and give depth of drop. Add per inch . . . **45¢** **30¢** **25¢**

● Memorial may be embroidered on lining. Up to 30 letters, $3.00. Over 30, 10¢ per letter extra.



XX-PS-1. No Embroidery. Available in Rayon, Faille, Felt.

XX-PS-2. IHS Symbol. Maroon Felt; Also in Faille.

XX-PS-2. IHS Symbol; Purple; In Rayon, Faille, Felt.

XX-PS-4. Cross and Crown; Green. In Rayon, Faille, Felt.

Green Rayon Greek Cross

Black Rayon Latin Cross

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